

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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Reasonableness of Man's Immortality.

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FARRADY'S RESOLVED CUP.

1 Cor. 15: 35-44. (329)

This incident comes to us from the workshop of the great chemist Farrady. One day when Farrady was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared and was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So far as his knowledge went it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup. If a finite chemist can handle the particles of a silver cup in this way what cannot the infinite chemist do with the particles of a human body, when dissolved in the great jar of the universe. He can handle the universe as easily as Farrady can handle an acid jar, and can control it at will. Whatever the particles of the resurrected body may be Paul says it is going to be changed so as to become a spiritual body. It is sown a natural body, i. e., a fleshly or animal body, it is raised a spiritual body. Can God do that? Yes, He does things equal to that. He changes the black unsightly charcoal, or carbon, into the ever-lasting and sparkling diamond.

Are we fearful lest this cannot be? The inspired apostle says, "Be not fearful, for all this is the work of God, and God is omnipotent." He brings forward the works of God in nature and shows us that in nature God is doing things just as marvelous.

RESURRECTED SEEDS.

1 Cor. 15: 42-44. (330)

Reason says, I hear the Resurrection cry rising from the thousand growing seeds. There are 80,000 kinds of plants with their

millions and millions of seed, and each seed contains the doctrine of a Resurrection and future life. Each seed has its individuality, and God never mistakes one seed for another. In the resurrection of seeds, He never gives one seed the body which belongs to another. A seed may be wrapped away for a thousand years in the cerements of the Egyptian mummy, but a thousand years cannot hinder its resurrection. God preserves its life and its identity, and when planted gives it a resurrection and gives it its own body. If God thus clothes the grass of the field, will He not clothe you, O man?

THE VOICE OF REASON. (331)

Mark 12: 24; 1 Cor. 15: 35, 38; John 20: 29.

Listen to Reason as it speaks. It says, I have watched the crawling grub and I have seen it rise from repulsiveness to attractive splendor. Under the change which nature has worked in it, I have seen it throw off its lower life, with the ways thereof, and put on the higher life, with its ways. I have seen it receive new and undreamed of gifts and powers and become so changed that no one looking at it, flashing and sparkling in the sunshine and sweeping across the heavens, would ever imagine how low down it once was in the scale of life. Reason says: "I have seen nature also work upon dead matter and beautify it. I have seen it take the black, soiled and soiling charcoal and change it into the priceless diamond, every facet of which flashed splendors and many hued fires, which thrilled and delighted." The powers of nature which have produced man and which are everywhere at work, can make man gloriously immortal, if that be the decree of the Ruling Will.

"MAN A FOREVER CREATURE." (332)

Eccl. 3: 11; (R. V. Marg); Zech. 12: 1; Isa. 26: 19.

The Egyptian pyramid was built as a tomb of man. In the same spirit a prince of India

built a receptacle to preserve the bones of the founder of Buddhism.

Fifteen centuries ago Asoka dug up the body of the founder of Buddhism and sent morsels of his bones as sacred relics to the different kings of the east. The prince of Guzerat resolved that his relic should last while time endured. He enclosed it in a bottle of gold, and that in a casket of silver, and that in a vessel of copper, and that in a bowl of baked clay, and that in a hollow square of sandstone, and that in a pyramid of brick 80 feet high, with a base of 80 feet. Finally he enclosed the entire structure with huge stone blocks. Well, what of it? The prince has gone, his dynasty has ceased and his domain is now a jungle. Fourteen years ago a British archaeologist found this strange tomb, and opened it section by section, and found the bone uncalcined, and the gold bottle as bright as ever; though fifteen hundred years had come and gone. Why did this man build thus? To express his faith. He believed that Buddha was to be a forever power, and he built him a forever building. The Egyptians, like this man, had a faith to express. They believed man to be a forever creature and so they built as his monument the forever pyramid. Into that pyramid they put an embalmed body, and into the hand of the embalmed body they put a corn of wheat—the symbol of an endless life.

"THE VOICE OF SUNRISE."

Isa. 21: 11, 12; Mal. 4, 2. (333)

In nature a hundred things prophesy and proclaim a resurrection. I see the day buried in the darkness of the night, but rising again in the morning. Awakened by the morning bugle of the mountaineer, from some Alpine summit, I watch the resurrection of the day. Redder and redder grows the east. Banners of flame and leaping cohorts of fire fill the eastern sky. Darkness recedes into the valleys, and lo! the sunlight breaks over the horizon. The mountains, in encircling amphitheater tier on tier, and peak backed by higher peak, are assembled in silent, awful majesty to greet the king of day. And he crowns them all with his glory as a reward for their waiting and greeting. The mighty sunrise bathes a thousand snowy Alps in fire and gold, in leaping flame and in spreading glow. When the sunrise is complete the day lives again in all its grandeur and the night has fled out of sight. In this sublime scene of nature there is a voice of God crying, "Resurrection!"

GLORY OF CHRIST RISEN.

Col. 1: 27; 1 Cor. 15: 18, 14, 20. (334)

"I will show you all the glory of Greece," said an ancient to his friend, and so saying he took him to Solon the Spartan lawgiver. "And is this all?" asked his friend. "Yes, this is all," replied the ancient. "When thou hast seen Solon, thou hast seen all." Solon made Greece. What he thought, Greece became. He was the typical Grecian. Christ is the typical Christian. He carries in Him our all: our present and our future. He has glorified our nature, and to be like Him is the

highest point in the pinnacle of Christian privilege.

In this inspired sermon preached to the Corinthians, Paul says, "I will show you Christ risen, and then I will show you the Christian risen in Christ. I will show you Christ the victor of the grave, and then I will show you the Christian the victor through Christ." He who sees Solon sees Greece; he who sees Christ sees Christianity and all the glories and privileges which Christianity brings to the human race.

LOGIC OF IMMORTALITY.

Mark 7: 37. (335)

Owen, the naturalist, finds a fossil 500 feet under ground. He says the animal lived on the surface of the earth. How does he know? Why, there are sockets for the eye. Nature makes nothing in vain. It must have lived where the light was. The world says, that is logic. Now in man we find a yearning, a desire, a hope for immortality. Can you believe that God who made the water for the web-foot, and light and beauty for the eye, has forgotten the soul? Addison's Cato frames the argument with which we are dealing:

It must be so Plato, thou reasonest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope? This fond
desire?

This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself pointing out an hereafter,
And intimating eternity in man.

IMMORTALITY OF HUMAN LOVE.

(336)

Reason says, I build an argument upon the nature of human love.

The logic of love will not let a man conclude that his dear ones go out of existence. Love will not allow you to be a Sadducee at the grave of your bosom companion. Love thinks of the loved one somewhere. Love in the person of David, as he looks on the lifeless body of his little son, thinks of him as still existing, and says, "I shall go to him." Browning touchingly sings the truth upon which we dwell, in his Evelyn Hope. The lover is by the casket of his dead love, which, however, in this world had not been possessed.

"Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
No indeed, for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,
I claim you still for my own love's sake."

And putting a flower in the hand of the dead one, he whispers:

"You will wake and remember and understand."

THE BROKEN TOMB.

John 5: 25; Rev. 20: 13. (337)

It is said that a century ago an infidel German princess, on her death bed, ordered that

her grave be covered with a great granite slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clamps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words:—"This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she meant publicly to proclaim that her grave would never be opened—never. It happened that a little seed was buried with the princess, a single acorn. It sprouted under the covering. Its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at first, found its way through the crevices between two of the slabs. And there it grew slowly but surely, and there it gathered strength until it burst the iron clamps asunder, and lifted the immense blocks and turned the whole structure into an irregular mass of upheaved rocks. Up and up through this mass of disordered stones grew the giant oak, which had thus broken the bars of the sepulchre. That oak grows there today a veritable tree of life.

In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection-life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in their graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of His resurrection and will come forth to life immortal.

IMMORTALITY CREDIBLE.

Matt. 14: 2; 22: 32. (338)

The yellow wheat stalk, with its rich and bending head of sixty-fold springing from the grave of the one grain, says to us, "God has power to give to whomsoever and to whatsoever He will an enlarged body." The mystery which girdles a single grain of corn is beyond the ability of man to understand. The flower springing from the grave of the little black seed and before our very eyes putting on its golden garments is the Resurrection acted out in the form of a silent but eloquent drama. The butterfly arrayed in its splendors, having risen from the worm-life to delight in the crystal atmosphere in the great dome of light, is a flying sermon on the Resurrection. It is Paul's question on two wings, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" Paul bids us look through the creation of God and question its wonders, and take note how God has wrought things into forms of beauty and dispensed splendors with a lavish hand. Where is the loom on which God wove the curtains of the morning? Where is the vat of beauty out of which He dipped the crimson, and the gold, and the silver, and the purple, and the pearl of the sunset? Where are the moulds in which He cast the Alleghanies, and the Pyrenees, and the Alps? Where is the harp which He used to give the warble to the lark, and the sweet call to the robin, and the carol to the canary? Creation which is the work of God is a wonder; it is the hiding of God's power. It contains all that is necessary to produce a resurrection. If you can believe the first chapter of

Genesis you will find no difficulty in believing the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians. If you can believe the first chapter of the Bible with its garden paradise, you will find no difficulty in believing the last chapter of the Bible with its sky paradise. Introduce God as the sole actor, and the whole subject of the Resurrection is clarified.

IMAGE OF GOD IN US.

Gen. 1: 26; Rom. 8: 29; Heb. 1: 3. (339)

"In the apse of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, the guide points to a place where is hidden the face of Christ portrayed by some early Christian artist. When the Mohammedan conqueror possessed himself of that noble Christian temple, he ordered all Christian symbols to be effaced. This beautiful head of Christ, however, escaped; for it was covered over with canvas. By gazing steadily at the canvas, the visitor can assure himself that there is a sacred painting behind it. Perhaps the colors have stained the threads of the canvas faintly, or it may be that the single threads have so separated as to give pin-point views of the picture, through the interstices. But there it is. When the Christian conqueror again enters the gates of Constantinople, the canvas which covers it will be torn off, and this bit of early Christian art will be brought to light and fully restored." Even so, like this valued picture, the image of God is within us covered up. We can uncover it: we can give it new life and visibility: and we can set it to work to accomplish its mission. I tell you my fellow-men, God laid a foundation for all true knowledge upon our part, when he made man in His own image.

IMMORTALITY IN GREAT MINDS

Rev. 20: 12; Rev. 11: 18. (340)

Reason has put the doctrine of Immortality into the master minds of the ages as a vital principle. The master minds of the Roman world respond to the roll call. Epictetus responds. By his inherent greatness he rose from a slave to a philosopher and he still commands a hearing. I have his works in my library. He gave utterance to this dictum:

"Every man carries about in him a god."

Marcus Aurelius responds, and so does Scipio Africanus. The one, Marcus Aurelius, was a great emperor and philosopher, and the other, Africanus, was the man who conquered Hannibal. His daughter was the mother of the Gracchi. His soul was a globe of intense white fire. He was pure. And he was made and kept pure by his faith in himself as a creature of eternity. Cicero responds. He was Rome's great lawyer and first citizen. He had the vision splendid. These were his words:

"There is in the minds of men a certain passage of a future existence, and this takes the deeper root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses, and most exalted souls."

Through the power of this magnificent faith Cicero lived a peerless life, and died a most courageous death. The executioner sent by

Antony found him walking in his garden, and said to him: "Cicero, you have been sentenced to die." Calmly he said: "If it be right for me to die let me die." And the next moment the greatest Roman was headless. He died despising death.

The master minds of Greece respond to your roll call. And what a shining list we have here!

Democrates, who said, "The soul is the house of God." And Pericles, who gave his name to the Golden Age of Athens. And Pindar the fore-runner of Plato. And Pythagorus, and Sophocles, and Aeschulus, and Homer, and Socrates, and Plato: each one a shining splendor, and all taken together a glorious cloud of witnesses resplendent with mentality and morality and spiritual ideals. Reason may be proud of these men.

IMMORTALITY IN LITERATURE.

Rev. 2: 10. (341)

But we have not seen the full influence of the Dictum of Reason in this item of Man's Immortality. It has created the finest literature of the world.

The world's master-pieces are the witnesses here. Call the roll of writers: call the roll of books, and see! In response we have,

"The Writings of Cicero."

There are his matchless orations delivered in the Roman Senate during the trial of the Cataline conspirators. This was a scene which took place sixty years before the birth of Christ. Here, in the Roman Senate, Cicero showed the power of the doctrine of immortality as a force generating patriotism, and making national heroes. It was in an oration delivered at this time that he gave utterance to these words:

"No one ever encountered death for his country, but under a firm conviction of the life beyond the grave." i. e., the martyr for his country is the man who sees before him the eternal reward which God bestows upon fidelity.

But Cicero's best and bravest words on immortality were those written upon the death of his daughter Tullia. This was the greatest loss of his life. She was the idol of his heart.

He wrote with a classic pen dipped in tears. He retired from public life to his Tusculum villa, and buried himself in his books. He communed with Socrates, and read Plato, and talked to his own heart; and then wrote his argument for the immortal life. It was then that he wrote that famous sentence of his:

"Man's grand ideals are overtures of immortality, because they require and demand immortality for their realization."

In response to our roll call of books we have:

"The Writings of Homer."

All the world knows of his *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. They are classics. They are shot through and through with the doctrine of the future life: just as the glory-cloud in the sky is shot through and through with the bright sun-ray. Here is where we read of the Elysian Fields.

The Writings of Sophocles, which are read in our universities today, respond to the call.

IMMORTALITY IN GREEK POETRY.

Rev. 21: 23. (342)

The following is a specimen of that far-back Greek thought:

"Let us hasten—let us fly—
Where the lovely meadows lie;
Where the living water flow:
Where the roses bloom and blow
Heirs of immortality.
Segregated, safe and pure,
Easy, sorrowless, secure;
Since our earthly course is run,
We behold a brighter sun.
Holy lives—a holy vow—
Such rewards await them now."
—Aristophanes (Frere's Translation.)

IMMORTALITY IN TENNYSON.

Deut. 5: 4; 1 Cor. 13: 12. (343)

Socrates' death was a victory: and it was a victory won by his faith in the doctrine of Man's Immortality. It was a grand crossing of The Bar. For he as well as Tennyson could say:

"Sunset and evening-star,
And one clear call for me:
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide, as moving seems asleep:
Too full for sound or foam
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep,
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far:
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

IMMORTALITY IN CHEMISTRY.

Rom. 7: 24; 1 Cor. 6: 19. (344)

The Science of Chemistry once analyzed man and gave the world this teaching—"There can be no thought without brain, and there can be no brain without phosphorous; therefore, phosphorous is thought." "No thought without phosphorus!" How that aphorism ran through the world! And some worthy people felt that somehow it was all over with man's immortal soul. "With phosphorous you light your candle: with phosphorous you discover Neptune: and with phosphorous you write the Fifth Symphony." How all embracing this is! How charmingly simple the Science of Chemistry has made things! If Chemistry had been the only Science in existence, man would have been written down as mere organized matter culminating in phosphorous. But there was another Science in the world, the Science of Psychology, and it came to Chemistry and said, "While you declare man to be organized matter, you leave out the organizer, who organizes matter into man. When a man dies his brain is where it always was, and the phos-

phorous is there too; but there is no thought there. Why? Because the thinker has left the body. Brain and phosphorous are only instruments for the expression of thought. The soul is the thinker. The soul is the Harper, it is not the music; it makes the music. You can have all the chemical properties that go to make a man, and you can hold these in your hands, and yet not have a man." When we listen to these two sciences talk, Psychology and Chemistry, we feel that Psychology is right and that Chemistry is wrong.

MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

Matt. 10: 28; Luke 12: 4. (345)

A famous scientific lecturer, being desirous to answer the question, "What is man?" took his retort, and reduced a human body by chemical analysis to its component parts. He then presented to his audience twenty-three pounds of carbon, two pounds of lime, twenty-two ounces of phosphorous, about one ounce each of sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon, and apologized for not exhibiting some five thousand cubic feet of oxygen and one hundred thousand cubic feet of hydrogen and fifty-two cubic feet of nitrogen. Suppose he could have presented all of these, that would not have been man. You can kill a man, but you cannot kill twenty-three pounds of carbon, etc., etc. Twenty-three pounds of carbon, etc., etc., cannot think, and sing, and love and worship and talk about eternity and a glorious immortality as we men and women do when we gather into the temple of God. When the science of Chemistry gives to the world as its final dictum, "No thought without phosphorus," Psychology comes to it and says: "Chemistry, I am as much of a science as you are, and I go away beyond you in my investigation of man, and I say that your dictum is nothing more than a bit of fallacious rhetoric. My dictum is: No thought without the soul of man, and the soul of man is like God. It is a child of the Infinite."

DEATH ETERNAL YOUTH.

1 Thess. 5: 28. (346)

More than thirty-five years ago, a young Englishman, thirty-five years of age, was ascending Mount Blanc, in company with five Swiss, by what is known as the Ancion Passage. It was a very steep slope of snow, that stretched upward above them toward the Grand Plateau. A sudden avalanche overwhelmed them. Two escaped, and the bodies of two others were found, but the body of the young Englishman was hurled deep into the mass of snow. The guides, who knew the mountains, said that in thirty or forty years it would emerge from the glacier at the base four miles below. Last year, one bright summer afternoon, a visitor was wending his way across the foot of this same glacier, when he came across a little group of people bending over an object by the glacier's side. The object of interest was the form of a young man, with all the freshness of youth imprinted upon his lifeless features; even the clothing which he wore was scarcely disarranged. Yet for

thirty-five years the snows of the Alps had kept their vigil over his form, and the glacier had held him in its iron grip. But death had brought with it eternal youth. Suddenly another inquirer was added to the little band, in the person of an old, white-haired lady, of some sixty-eight years of age, who stayed in the village below. Recognizing the body, she tenderly bent over it and wept uncontrollably and passionately. The others said, "It is his mother." It was not his mother. It was she who thirty-five years ago was his young wife. Now she was bent and old and white-headed. Two lovers had been parted by that mountain disaster. One had lived to grow old; the other had died young, to retain in death the freshness of perpetual youth. And this is a parable of what death really brings about. We who remain are in the land of the dying, while they who have gone, live in the "second state sublime." Nature has the power to keep us in eternal freshness, if she will only use that power. The question of possibility is just no question at all with the Powers in whose hands we are.

CHAFF ON THE SEA OF LIFE. (347)

Job 32: 8; Ps. 16: 10; Dan. 12: 2.

There is an old rabbinical legend, and it runs thus:

"When Joseph was Prime Minister to Pharaoh, during the period of the famine, he emptied the chaff of his granaries into the river Nile. It floated far away on the moving current, and the people on the banks at a great distance below saw it. It was only chaff, but it meant that there was corn in plenty elsewhere. Chaff always means corn; yet chaff in itself is not considered as of much value. You could not persuade those people who saw the chaff, that they were mistaken in their conclusion that there was corn. They were suffering the pangs of hunger and had supposed that the famine had extended throughout the entire country, and that everybody was as hungry as themselves. When they saw the floating chaff they changed their minds. They were sure that if their strength held out, and that if they could only reach the point at which the chaff had been thrown into the river they would find plenty to nourish their life. Even so, adown the stream of time there come floating to our hearts certain dreams of bliss; reunions with those we have loved and lost; the longing for rest and a desire for a future life and holiness. The human race has enjoyed these hopes ever since it first began to struggle. They are the chaff, but the corn, which is higher up the stream in the granaries of God, will be ours by and by."

Though God is good
And free is heaven,
No force divine can love compel;
And though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest hell,
The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects the sanctity of will:
He giveth day, you have your choice
To walk in darkness still.

EASTER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM GREAT SERMONS.

Selected by WILLIAM MAY.

AN UNQUESTIONABLE ARGUMENT.

Luke 24: 39, 40; John 20: 27. (348)

A dead body is sometimes identified by the mark of a wound. King Robert the Bruce was buried in the year 1329, within the choir of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, after his heart had been extracted and embalmed, in order that his friend, Sir James Douglass, might deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In the year 1818 some workmen, who were engaged in clearing out the ground for the foundation of a new church on the same site, came upon the royal tomb. The skeleton was entire; but upon examination it was found that the breastbone had been severed to admit of the removal of the heart. No one, therefore, could doubt for a moment that these were the bones of the famous Scottish king. The body of David Livingstone, the great African missionary and explorer, was similarly identified, when brought to England in the year 1874, by a wound which he had received thirty years earlier. Shortly after his settlement in the valley of Mabotsa, in the Bechuanas Country, in 1843, Livingstone was attacked by a lion, which caught his shoulder and crushed it. The arm was imperfectly set, and became thus the means by which the remains were identified a whole generation afterwards. It was in proof of the stupendous fact that His resurrection that our Lord called the attention of His disciples to the nail marks that told of His recent death. They recognized Him that evening with wonder and joy—as Thomas did later,—when they saw in His hands “the print of the nails.”

QUESTIONING THE SPHINX.

Job 14: 10; John 11: 25; 1 Peter 1: 3. (349)

In the galleries of Paris there is a great picture by Gérôme, which portrays an incident in the Egyptian campaign of the first Napoleon. The desert is seen stretching away before the eye, and in the distance masses of troops are seen marching; but the distance is so great that no sound, clash of sword, blare of trumpet, tramp of feet, disturbs the silence. One majestic figure dominates the whole scene. Out of the desert the Sphinx rears its massive head, and, in the conception of the painter, seems to regard with absolute indifference the doings of a pygmy, fleeting world. Napoleon has ridden away from his army, and, having reined in his horse, sits motionless, looking up at the figure as if asking from it the secret of his destiny. But in vain! The steady, stony gaze passes over him, regardless, and gives no hint of the snows of Russia, the field of Waterloo, the lonely rock amidst the ocean. The picture is for us. From side to side, from one to another, men turn to ask: What am I? Whither am I going? Man questions Nature, History, Philosophy, non-Christian religions; and they are all as silent and stony as the Sphinx which has stood for centuries amidst the Egyptian sands. They have no answer to give to our deepest cries. That answer comes only from

Jesus Christ. As we turn to Him, we find no sphinx to mock and disappoint us, but One who answers all our questions with clearness and authority. He opens up to us a life beyond the grave, on the ground that He Himself has come forth from it, and by way of death returned to it.

“THE VOICE OF SPRING.”

Song of Sol. 2:12; Rev. 21: 5. (350)

“I see nature at the close of autumn putting on a shroud and for a time passing into the grave of winter. But nature is not dead; she only sleeps. When God shakes the sunshine of the spring from the folds of His robes of light, and when she feels the touch of wizardy which comes with every beam, she awakens into a new beauty. In all this, too, there is a voice crying ‘Resurrection.’”

HOPE FOR ALL.

Phil. 3: 21; Col. 3: 4; 1 John 3: 2. (351)

“O, mother!” said a crippled boy, when by his bedside of suffering they talked to him of heaven. “O, mother! shall I be straight there and happy there?” Opening the Holy Book, she read: Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away. With these words of God soothing his soul and body the child fell asleep in Jesus, to awaken perfect in the Resurrection day, with a body fashioned like unto Christ’s.

“GOD, WHO FIRST MADE THE BODY, CAN REMAKE IT.”

1 Cor. 15: 35, 36, 37; Acts 26: 8; Eze. 37: 3.

“I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exposition in South Kensington and observed a graceful young English girl lost in a momentary interest over the showcase, which contained in crude form ingredients like those in her fair and beautiful frame. There—exactly measured out, and bottled and labeled—were the constituents of a human body: lime, water, phosphorus, silex, iron and other elements which are woven into bone and muscle and blood. As I watched her half amused, half incredulous countenance, the question came into my mind, ‘Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?’ God has raised these elements, these coarse ingredients in these glass jars, by the delicate chemistry of nature, and there they are in the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacity, and the lovely human life of that bright maiden who contemplates with an incredulous smile these materials of her being. God is doing every day as wonderful things as are implied in the resurrection from the dead.”—Edwin Arnold.

"MORS JANUA VITAE." (353)

John 14: 6; Heb. 2: 14, 15; Rev. 22: 14.

"Death the gate of life." You remember the beautiful picture by Sir Noel Paton, "Mors Janua Vitae." You remember the warrior rising from the grave, his helmet off, the sword lying at his side, stretching out his hands to a figure which was on one side a black skeleton and on the other an angel of light; and the cross, with a caterpillar at the bottom and a beautiful butterfly higher up, indicating the development of the soul through contact with the Crucified One. You remember the moon going down over the hills and the opening in the far distance, through which a wondrous light was shining, and beyond the outline of a city and the angel forms—a wonderful conception indeed! Taught by that picture, we learn that, apart from the Resurrection of Christ, death would be a ghastly figure clothed with gloom, laying a skeleton hand upon the throbbing heart of human hope, while the moonlight of earthly glory wanes, and no star of hope sheds a gentle beam. But since Christ has risen death has become an angel standing half in the shade and half in the light, stretching out her right hand to the warrior fresh from the battlefields of earth, and with the left lifting the veil from the unseen glory, and then bearing away the trophy of redeeming grace to the feet of Him whose royalty she owns, and whose willing messenger she will be until death itself is swallowed up in victory.

ALIVE FROM THE DEAD.

Job 14: 14; Acts 25: 19; 1 Cor. 15: 20. (354)

Man everywhere feels that he must die, and he is necessarily anxious to know what there is beyond, something or nothing, consciousness or annihilation, life or death, bliss or woe. Man cannot answer that question for himself. He may guess, he may hope, he may fancy, but he cannot arrive at any certainty. God, however, has given his thoughts, and in their light we can discern beyond the veil. When living in Liverpool a few years ago, a man met me in the street and abruptly accosted me by name. With emphatic boldness, he said: "Many years ago I used to sit under your ministry, and I then believed what you then preached, but I don't now."

"What don't you believe?"

"I don't believe in heaven, in hell, in human responsibility, in judgment; I don't believe in the existence of the soul or in immortality. I am a materialist, sir. Death ends all. That is my creed."

"I am sorry to hear that. How came you to entertain such views?"

"I will tell you. I went to hear an infidel lecturer, and some of his thoughts greatly impressed me. One thought in particular pursued me and shook my faith exceedingly, and it was this: I never knew anyone, I never heard of anyone, who had been in that world which you Christians call future, and had come back to this world to testify of its existence. Now, if you can tell me of anyone who has been in the other world, and returned to this, to bear witness to its reality, I think I should believe."

"Do you mean to say that you sat under my ministry for years, and yet never heard of such a one?"

"Certainly. I never heard of any such witness. Have you?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

The Lord Jesus Christ. He was in that world from the beginning, and in due time He came from that world into this, and one important part of His mission was to testify to you, to me, and to all mankind, of the existence of that world. He speaks of it with perfect familiarity, and calls it His Father's house. 'In My Father's house are many mansions.'

"O, I never thought of that."

"No, perhaps not; but we who believe have thought of it, and rejoice in it. We had rather believe Jesus Christ than your theory. He knows all about that world, He dwelt there from the beginning, and has graciously revealed it to us as our future home. He died, and rose again and 'brought immortality to light by the Gospel!'"—Rev. Richard Roberts.

"FEAR NOT."

Rev. 1: 17, 18; 1 Cor. 15: 55. (356)

Darwin used to go into the London Zoological Gardens, and, standing by the glass case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass whilst the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him, yet whenever the venomous thing struck out the scientist dodged. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him shrink. The instinct was stronger than will and reason. And it is much like this with the Christian's attitude toward death. He knows that its sting cannot harm him, but an instinct within causes him to shrink whenever he comes into contact with the ghastly thing, and this instinct will not be altogether denied whatever the Christian reason may say. But in this shrinking is no terror or despair.—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

A NOVELIST'S FAITH. (357)

1 Cor. 2: 9, 10; John 17: 4, 5; Matt. 25: 21.

When very old Victor Hugo wrote: "I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my

day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley. It is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

THE CUP OF TEARS. (358)

Gen. 37: 30; 2 Sam. 12: 23; Luke 8: 52.

There is a very beautiful and simple story often heard in north Germany as Easter time draws near. A devoted mother had but one child, a beautiful little girl, and every thought and wish and desire in life centered on this child in the mother's heart. Then the Father in Heaven sent a great sickness over the land, and the little girl sickened and grew worse. For three days and three nights she watched and wept and wrestled with God, eating nothing, neither sleeping nor resting, only calling out, "Give me my child's life!" But the child died. Unspeakable was the mother's grief. She refused to be comforted, but called aloud day and night for her child to come back to her. On the third night the door was softly opened, and out of her eyes, swollen and disfigured with tears, the mother could barely see a little angel, but the face was the face of her child. Smiling sweetly, the little one held up in her tiny hand a small cup, brimful and all but running over. Then the soft, clear voice said: "Dearest mother, do not weep any more for me, not even one tear. My cup is full, and the Angel of Grief, who has gathered all your tears for me in this cup, says that if it overflows I shall not have the joy which other children have in Heaven. I am so happy and so well now, without any pain, won't you try to be happy, too, and help me?" So the mother's heart was satisfied. If her child was well and happy, without any pain, why should she be selfish by weeping and wailing, and so disturb the little one's joy? So she wiped her tears, and went forth to help mothers who had many children and few comforts for the sake of the Angel Child in Heaven.

"THE SUPREME CREDENTIAL."

Acts 1: 3; 2: 24; Rom. 1: 4; Acts 17: 18. (359)

Once I would have said that the convincing reason for believing in a blessed heaven is the Resurrection of Christ. I would have said that that Resurrection is our sole basis for believing in immortality. But now I say that the convincing reason for that belief is Jesus Christ Himself, His being, His character. He is even greater than His Resurrection. That Resurrection was very great. It may well hold our attention—it is so sublime in itself, it is so wondrously attested, it has been so significant a factor in the history of this world since the first Easter. But that Resurrection, to those who grasp the significance of Christ's character, is just such an event as might be expected from such a character. One like Christ could not be holden of death. His Resurrection did confirm His word; it was a sort of credential. We needed the credential,

therefore we had it. But when we have had it, when we have studied the credential and seen that it is undoubtable, we lay it down and give our attention to the Ambassador who has presented it. This Ambassador taught immortality; yes, and more: He lived immortality. We believe in Jesus Christ; therefore we believe in Heaven.—James G. K. McClure, in "For Hearts That Hope."

FOUNDING A RELIGION. (360)

1 Cor. 15: 3, 4; Luke 24: 46; Gal. 1: 11, 12.

The story is told of a French statesman, the well known Talleyrand, that on one occasion certain philosophers waited upon him to inform him that they intended to found a new religion. "Very well, gentlemen," replied Talleyrand, "When Jesus Christ founded a religion, it was necessary for Him to be crucified, dead, and buried, and to rise from the dead the third day. When you have done as much for your religion it will be worth discussing."

ASLEEP IN JESUS. (361)

Matt. 9: 24; 1 Cor. 15: 17, 18; 1 Thess. 4: 14.

"God giveth His beloved sleep," and in that peaceful sleep, realities, not dreams, come round their quiet rest, and fill their conscious spirits and their happy hearts with blessedness and fellowship. And when thus lulled to sleep in the arms of Christ they have rested till it please Him to accomplish the number of His elect, then, in His own time, He will make the eternal morning to dawn, and the hand that kept them in their slumber shall touch them into waking, and shall clothe them when they arise according to the body of His glory; and they looking into His face, and flashing back its light, its love, its beauty, shall each break forth into singing as the rising light of that unsettling day touches their transfigured and immortal heads, in the triumphant thanksgiving, 'I am satisfied, for I awake in Thy likeness.'—Alex. McLaren, in "The Living Dead."

THE RESURRECTION BODY. (362)

1 Cor. 15: 35; Phil. 4: 21.

When we think of the Resurrection body, we must not allow ourselves to be confused because of this body of flesh and blood; for in point of fact we know really nothing of this body, nor the marvelous powers and qualities which lie hidden in its depths. Sin has so enfeebled it, wasted it, deformed it, that we have come to look upon it as a mortal coil to be shuffled off with feelings of grateful relief; and yet when once the forces of evil are expelled from it, and its weaknesses and limitations disappear, this body may have elements and potencies of which we do not even dare to dream. An old organ for many years stood in a village church, and every Sunday, in a narrow, restricted way, led the devotions of the simple country people who came to worship God. The organist, now bent and gray, touched the same keys, and the congregation listened to the same strains, until every note and tone had become familiar, and no further variety seemed possible. But one day a stranger took his place in the organ loft,

and before ever the service had begun the old organ was filling the little church with wondrous harmony; and when the hymns were being sung marvelous chords of untold richness and quality mingled with the strain, until the people wondered from whence this strange music came. It was the same old organ, but it was under new conditions and new control, and the music which had lain sleeping in its pipes was now for the first time revealed. You cannot tell what is in that body of yours; but wait until all the sin has been removed from it, wait until its weaknesses and limitations disappear; wait until it is changed and made like unto His glorious body, and then it will be seen as it was intended in the beginning, not a clog nor a hindrance, but a perfect vehicle and medium through which the soul would have perfect manifestation. The question which we so often ask, "With what body do they come?" seems to be answered as we look upon the form of our risen Lord, and we can feel the meaning of St. Paul's words, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—Rev. J. W. Johnston, D. D.

Easter Illustrations, Submitted by Contributors.

THEN COMES THE JUDGMENT. (365)

1 Cor. 4:5.

You cannot afford to be anything else but faithful. You cannot afford to neglect duty. You cannot afford to trifle with the interests of immortal souls. You cannot afford, by remissness, or otherwise, to inflict injury upon those whom you should guard and save. You cannot afford it; for your remissness and sin will some day be discovered.

Two thousand years before Christ, some Egyptian priests were paid large sums to embalm the body of a royal princess. When the royal body was delivered to them for embalming, they were under the influence of strong drink, and neglected it. When they sobered up, it was too late to embalm it. To cover up their neglect and sin, they put into the splendid mummy-case the body of a common Egyptian woman, dipt in asphaltum. They laughed over it, saying, "It would make no difference a thousand years from today, as it would never be known." It was not known for a long time. But was it never known? It was known. It was known a few years ago. That mummy-case, purchased by explorers, found its way over to America. To create a popular interest in exploration, it was agreed to open the case and unwrap the mummy on some public platform. Forty centuries had passed, but on the day set, that mummy-case was opened by Prof. Aggasiz in Tremont Temple, Boston. There was an audience of three thousand persons present and when the case was opened there and then the cheat was detected. When the cheat was exposed and explained, that vast American audience, to a man, hissed the Egyptian priests and denounced their untruthfulness, and the world has taken up that hiss to repeat it as the ages come and go.

THE SPEAKING WOUNDS. (364)

Heb. 9:24; 12:24; 7:25.

An old Greek story tells us that Aeschylus, the famous dramatist and soldier, was at one period of his career accused of impiety before the court of the Areopagus, and would have been condemned but for the interposition of his brother Ameinias, who had distinguished himself at the great sea battle of Salamis. Ameinias held up before the court his right arm, which had been wounded and maimed in the service of his country, and for the sake of that maimed arm Aeschylus was pardoned. Even so does our risen and glorified Lord appear in Heaven, bearing the marks of His past death wounds. He intercedes, not as a suppliant, but in the majesty of the Son, once slain for us. He is our advocate with the Father, and He makes "the print of the nails" His argument and His plea. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

God is bound at some time to uncover every false thing. In the Day of Judgment the universe will see wherein you have been untrue to the souls committed to your trust. The only thing you can afford to be is to be faithful.—D. G.

[This illustration was awarded the prize of \$5.—Ed.]

LIGHT FROM A BROKEN TOMB. (366)

Mark 16:2; John 20:12.

A sadly sweet legend lingers about old Melrose Abbey, which Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." On one of the marvelous windows of the Abbey, the Archangel Michael is depicted with a cross of red in hand, which he uses as a weapon of triumph over his enemy. The story is, that beneath this window on the spot which the midnight moon bathes in blood red is interred the body of a famous magician of the middle ages. Fair Lady Margaret of Branksome is in difficulty and desires to possess the book of magic which is buried with the ancient wizard. Accordingly she sends one of her knights to the Abbey to recover the book. He and the Monk of St. Mary's Aisle pass to the place of the tomb.

"With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave stone bent;
With bar of iron he heaved a main,
Till the toil drops fell from his brows, like
rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof.
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright,

It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the Monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark browed warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume."

It was a marvelous light from the broken tomb. This medieval minstrelsy is reminiscent of another visit to a broken tomb. It is again women who are in trouble. The light and love of their lives has been snatched from them. The shadow of the cross on which He was crucified stretches all the way from Golgotha to the new tomb in a rich man's garden, and they are walking along that shadow. But there is no gloom in the garden. The Tomb is broken, and from it comes a light that never was on sea or land. What light that was. It illumined the hearts of those women, it was reflected to their men friends, and has been flashed all down through the centuries since, making bright dark pathways, and lighting up gloomy valleys full of death-shadows. It is a light made new every Easter morning.

IGNORANCE OF TRUE VALUES. (367)

Matt. 7: 6; 18: 45, 46.

In 1857 when Sir Henry Havelock captured the city of Lucknow during the terrible days of the Indian mutiny, some of the soldiers of the 78th Highlanders made a dash to loot the king's palace. They discovered a large chest at the head of a marble staircase, which upon being forced open proved to contain the rich elephant trappings used on state occasions. The elephant cloths were a mass of gold and jewels. But the ignorant men did not know the value of these sparkling gems, and in cutting up the cloths for mementos they severed the threads which held pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds in place and they were allowed to roll away down the stairs or were crushed under the feet of the soldiers. Thus men in ignorance often trample under foot the precious blood of Jesus Christ and spurn the pearl of great price.—M. E. Fletcher.

SOWN, NOT BURIED. (368)

1 Cor. 15: 35-44.

As I go into a cemetery, I like to think of the time when the dead shall rise from their graves. We read part of this chapter (1 Cor. 15) in what we call the Burial Service. I think it is an unfortunate expression. Paul never talked of "burial." He said the body was sown in corruption, sown in weakness, sown in dishonor, sown a natural body. If I bury a bushel of wheat, I never expect to see it again, but if I sow it, I expect results. Thank God our friends are not buried. They are only sown. I like the Saxon name for the cemetery—"God's acre"—Wm. Bullock.

OUR GLORIOUS HOPE. (369)

1 Cor. 15: 20; 1 Cor. 15: 51-57; 2 Cor. 5: 8.

How grand and glorious the knowledge and hope of a Resurrection is when compared with

the vain and empty hopes of a false religion, or with the dread hopelessness of nations in darkness.

Muirson, in his "Babylonia and Assyria," says: The future of the Babylonian was a dread, not a hope. He looked for reward in this life, in length of days, in a godly heritage, in freedom from adversity, in communion with the gods, and above all, in an enduring and prosperous posterity. When some sickness and the shadow of death came upon them, great and piteous were the appeals made to the gods for favor and healing.

Hades was an awful place, where even the good had a weary existence. Here the gods could not come, here they could not help and the "bitterest drop in the cup of death was the knowledge that here the hand of the gods was shortened." Alone, all alone, must the soul cross the dark waters of the river of death and abide in the utter loneliness of "the land of darkness, and of the shadow of death, a land of darkness as darkness itself, a land of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness." (Job 10: 21, 22.)

Infinitely better is the grand declaration of an immovable faith, built on the solid rock of our dear Lord's resurrection from the dead: O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Not dreadful, but hopeful and inspiring is the prospect. Absent from the body, present with the Lord.

PILOT IN A FOG. (370)

Isa. 43: 2.

A passenger on a west bound Atlantic steamer tells this story. When off Newfoundland the steamer became enveloped in a thick fog. This held for over three days. The steamer drifted aimlessly. The officers lost their bearings and all became anxiety and foreboding suspense. On the fourth day a little sloop emerged from out of the thick gloom, hailing the steamer and offering the services of a pilot who could bring the steamer out of its helpless situation. When the great, grizzled, roughly clad pilot clambered up on to the steamer a great cheer went up, because of the deliverance that they felt he could bring to the ship and its passengers.

Thus the resurrection ought to be the most joyful of facts to the Christian. Like the ship in gloom, so is Christianity with only the death of Christ—a body, fully equipped, ready for the accomplishment of its mission, but helpless in the darkness of that death. The resurrection—the pilot—is needed to lead the ship into the clear waters of assured "supernatural foundation" and to make it an efficient force among men.—J. W. Williams.

FLOWERS FOR LIVING. (371)

Matt. 22: 32.

Within the last few weeks a gentleman, having occasion to visit the greenhouse in our village, asked the proprietor to arrange for him a bouquet of flowers.

The man looked up in surprise, and asked

in an exceedingly reverential tone of voice: "Brother T., is any person dead?" The gentleman laughingly explained that to his knowledge no one had died, but he just thought he would send a bouquet to his wife, believing that flowers should shed their fragrance around those we love, in life.

"Ah!" said the proprietor, "that is so, but it is so rarely done."

The beauty of the resurrection story and the Easter teachings consists in the fact that life and its meaning, instead of death is emphasized. Because the precious message is a ministration of life and not of death, it gleams in unfading splendor, and undying glory.—J. Turner.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE. (372)

Rom. 8:38.

Eighty-four years old, Donald Cameron died in Ottawa recently. He was for years one of the Scots Greys Dragoons and served on escorts to Queen Victoria. He was a decided Christian man, though not very demonstrative, having been converted in Scotland in early life. Years before he died he told his wife of his conversion. That it took place while sitting on a stone fence in Scotland, and that the last two verses of the 8th chapter of Romans were the words that God used to bring peace to him. He then made his wife promise him that when he was dying she would place his finger on those verses.

Early one morning he began to sink rapidly. He knew the change was coming, and opening his eyes he said to his son-in-law, "I am not afraid, I know where I am going." Then addressing his wife he said, "Mary, you remember the promise you made me." She replied that she did. The Bible was kept open at the 8th chapter of Romans at the bedside, and just as he was passing away his fingers were placed on the verses: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

DEATH WARRANT OF CHRIST. (373)

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting-governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross.—In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and the 27th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem—Annas and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God—Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the presidential chair of the prætorium, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves, the great and notorious evidence of the people saying—

1. Jesus is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.
6. He entered into the Temple, followed by

a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quilius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbids any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus Christ.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation are—

1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.
2. Joannus Robani.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus.

NOTE.—The foregoing is engraved on a copper plate, on the reverse of which is written, "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique marble vase, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1810, and was discovered by the Commissioners of Arts of the French army. At the expedition of Naples it was enclosed in a box of ebony and preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians. The French translation was made by the Commissioners of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language.

A MIRACLE.

The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at a neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper and, seeing four crowns in it, said that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar and hastened into the church to return thanks. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and instantly saw that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches. He had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

Important Notice.

All inquiries concerning methods and plans of work, systems for raising church funds, church debt deliverance plans, etc., which are the result of any articles which have appeared in Department of Methods or in the advertising pages of Current Anecdotes should be addressed to Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Bon Air, Va., instead of Washington, Ga., or Richmond, Va.

N. B.—All inquiries or requests in which stamp is enclosed will have prompt and careful reply.

WINDOWS FOR SERMONS.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

SUBMISSION. (374)

Jas. 4: 7; 1 Cor. 13: 7; Matt. 27: 26;
Heb. 12: 2; 6: 15.

A young lady who had trouble with her eyes had been shut up in a dark room for some time. One day, when she was very much depressed, her sister recited "Nearer, My God, to Thee," adding a stanza not usually found in the hymn books:

"If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lips
From the draught shrink.
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

These words performed their silent mission, and the afflicted girl surrendered her will to Christ. The time came for the bandages to be taken off, and in the soft light of the morning she was led to the window. If she could see, it meant everything to her; if not, the operation had proved a failure; she was to walk all her life in blindness. For a moment all was silent. "Mother," at length she cried, "why do you not raise the shades?" "Oh, my dear child," the heart-broken mother replied, "the light is shining upon your face." And as the awful truth that she was still blind dawned upon her, she submissively sobbed:

"So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

KEEP THE ROBE UNSPOTTED (375)

James 1: 27; 1 Thess. 5: 22; Rev. 3: 5.

"I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement. "Certainly, she can," rejoined her friend; "but I am reminded of a little incident which happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide for the party. 'Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?' she asked petulantly. 'Yes, mum,' returned the old man; 'there's nothing to keep you from wearing a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearing one back.' There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is worldly and wicked, but there is a good deal to prevent him from afterwards presenting white garments to the world."

THE CHRISTIANS ANTISEPTIC CONDITION. (376)

Jas. 4: 7; Eph. 4: 30; 1 Pet. 4: 14; Rom. 8: 9.

It is related that the late Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, who was so greatly beloved in New York City, during his brief but brilliant

ministry there, once declined an invitation to go out to some social festivity on a Saturday evening, giving as his reason, "You see I am a preacher. I must keep myself in an antiseptic condition. I must not allow the fine edge of my spiritual sympathies to be dulled by contact with rough, coarse things, for my business is to preach to living men, and I may be called any moment to minister to a dying man." But is there not the same reason for a layman who bears the name of Jesus Christ to keep himself in sensitive relation to spiritual things?

AMONG THE HUSKS. ✓ (377)

Eccl. 4: 8; Matt. 13: 22; Luke 12: 15; Prov. 18: 20; Jer. 17: 11.

It is stated that before Cornelius Vanderbilt died he said to a friend: "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it; I can't spend it; in fact, I never saw it. I dress no better than my private secretary, and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servants' boarding house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, cannot drink champagne, and most of my money is in the hands of others who use it mainly for their benefit." It is a terrible thing to come toward the end of life and find oneself condemned to live among the husks. But there is no way to avoid it if the mind and heart is given up to material things during the growing and working years of one's career. Surely no one is so great a fool as the man that lays up treasure for himself, but is not rich toward God.

THE ART OF TRANSLATING CHRIST'S MESSAGES. (378)

John 14: 23; Rom. 11: 34; 1 Cor. 2: 16; Heb. 8: 10.

The old Greeks used to send messages from one army to another by means of a roll of parchment twisted spirally around a baton and then written upon. It was perfectly unintelligible when it fell into a man's hands that had not a corresponding baton to twist it upon. Many of Christ's messages are like that to us. We can only understand the words of Jesus when our own lives give thus the frame round which to wrap them, and then they flash up into meaning. We wonder why we have read it all before and yet did not understand it until the hour when we needed it.

CARRYING DEAD WEIGHT (379)

Luke 11: 52; Neh. 4: 8; 1 Cor. 9: 12; Gal. 5: 7.

The crews of two contesting boats were tugging at their oars, with every muscle as tense as a steel cable. To the line of eager spectators that thronged Harvard bridge, the chances seemed about even. Suddenly a snap was heard. The sunlight flashed on a broken oar. Then followed a splash in the water, and one of the boats carried one man less. "Of course he'd jump overboard as soon as his

oar broke," exclaimed a sporty youth, who was leaning over the bridge rail, "wouldn't make his crew carry that much dead weight, would he?" Is it not true that many of our churches are carrying dead weight in the persons of members whose oars have been broken by conduct that has killed all their influence for good. They are not only not pulling an ounce, but they are worse than dead weight to pull forward in the race. Such a man ought to get a new oar and set to work, or else jump overboard.

A DEBAUCHED LIFE. (380)

Deut. 30: 20; Isa. 55: 3; 1 Pet. 4: 6; 1 Tim. 4: 8; Acts 27: 34.

A piano is put out of tune very easily by misuse. A skilful musician may spend hours in playing without affecting the tone of any of the strings, while inexperienced and unskilful playing jangles the chords and makes the instrument incapable of producing sweet musical effects. A recent writer, commenting on this fact, says that many people so misuse and abuse their life that they destroy its power to give out sweetness. The consequences of sin are not merely the breaking of divine laws; every sin leaves marring and hurt in the life of him who commits it. Every time we violate our conscience or resist the divine will, we lower the moral tone of our being. In the familiar song, The bird with the broken wing never soars so high again.

THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD. (381)

Ps. 106: 24-25; Isa. 1: 5; 65: 2; Zech. 7: 11; Ps. 107: 11; Heb. 3: 12.

Henry Drummond said that love was the best thing in the world. And Paul has given him good Scriptural backing for that. If that is true, malicious hatred must be the worst thing in the world. Mrs. Browning, in her poem, "A Drama of Exile," makes Lucifer say to Adam and Eve:

"Rejoice, because ye have not set in you
This hate which shall pursue you—this fire-hate

Which glares without because it burns within;
Which kills from ashes—this potential hate,
Wherein I, angel, in antagonism
To God and His reflex beatitudes,
Moan ever in the central universe
With the great woe of striving against Love—
* * * hating good and love,
And willing to hate good and to hate love,
And willing to will on so evermore."

But she makes him express the deep curse of hate upon him who cherishes it, in the words:

* * * "I half scorn

The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,
Hated and tempted and undone by me—
Still, what's your hurt to mine of doing hurt,
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?
This sword's hilt is the sharpest, and cuts
through
The hand that wields it."

HATE, THE KEY TO SHYLOCK. (382)

1 John 3: 15; 4: 20; Prov. 15: 17; Rom. 1: 30; John 7: 17.

Dr. J. T. McFarland, in a recent article on Hate in Literature, brings out very clearly that it was hate and not avarice which furnished the key to the conduct of Shylock in Shakespeare's great drama, "The Merchant of Venice." He finds the motive to turn on these words of the Jew:

"I hate him, for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I owe him."

When about going to Bassanio's feast he snarled:

"Wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian."

It was hate that prompted him to propose the bond for the pound of flesh; and in the trial he made it plain that it was not greed but hatred which governed him:

"You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. * * *
I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loath-
ing
I bear Antonio."

KEEP THE NEIGHBOR'S TRACK CLEAR. (383)

Luke 11: 52; Neh. 4: 8; 1 Cor. 9: 12; Gal. 5: 7.

A trolley car passenger was looking at a massive steel structure rapidly nearing completion on the most crowded thoroughfare of a city. "That's a wonderful building!" remarked the car conductor, noticing the passenger's interest. "It is indeed," answered the latter, thinking the reference was to the magnitude and rapidity of the work. "Yes, it's a wonderful building," went on the conductor—"The most wonderful I have ever seen. Why, they have been building that now for three months, and they've never once blocked the cars!" Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull wisely comments that the thought underlying that keen observation might well be brought to bear on all our activities. We should be careful lest our work interferes with others as it progresses. It would be wise to ask if the work which you are mapping out for yourself for today or tomorrow is going to block the track for other faithful toilers. Have you taken every possible precaution to prevent such a blockade?

STARTING A TRAIN OF SORROW. (384)

John 11: 9; 2 Cor. 6: 16; Eph. 4: 1; 5: 15.

It is easy to start a train of trouble that will increase in magnitude rapidly. Not long since in Portland, Maine, the driver of a package delivery wagon dropped a bundle on the side-

walk. It fell with a considerable noise, and startled a dog, which, in jumping to avoid the bundle, ran against a woman. She, in her efforts to prevent herself from falling, nearly overthrew another woman with whom she collided. This woman's parasol came in contact with a passing man, who dodged his head with sufficient force to shake off his eye glasses. They fell to the ground, and were stepped upon and broken by a young woman who was passing. The whole series of mishaps did not take more than a minute, but by the time the man had picked up the useless frame of his eye glasses, the driver of the wagon was some distance down the street, all unconscious of the mischief his carelessness had wrought, while the poor dog, as if certain he had done something wrong, was rapidly sneaking off up the street. So a careless, unkind word, or a churlish, selfish deed goes on causing trouble and discord long after we have forgotten it.

A CHRISTIAN WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

Prov. 10: 7, 20, 31; 1 Cor. 7: 16. (385)

Mr. A. H. Lewis, in a recent magazine article, gives this little incident of the old age

of Andrew Jackson. He presents "Old Hickory" as ready for bed. Propped against a book was the large miniature of Mrs. Jackson, which he through the day wore on a black cord about his neck. He had been looking at it, and tears were still wet upon his face. Open before him was her prayer book. "I read it for her sake," he said, indicating the prayer-book. "She tried to make me a Christian. I promised her, so soon as I was done with the presidency, and with politics, I'd become a Christian. I can't be a hypocrite, you know that; you know, too, what a president must be, and what a Christian should be. No man can be both; no man can be both." Here the general sighed. His gaze again sought the miniature while a wonderful love looked from his eyes until the tears came to cloud them. "The day will come when I shall keep my word with her. I want Heaven for her sake. And yet I can have no Heaven without her—it would be no Heaven unless I met her there," and the sobs took strong possession of his voice, while his tears fell. "I'd give every honor, and triumph, I have ever had,—or have—or shall have, to hold her hand again, and have her by my side one moment."



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

By GEO. MACADAM, D. D.

POWER OF GRAVE BROKEN. (386)

Attis, the son of the Phrygian goddess Cybele, was unwelcomed and hated by his mother. She exposed him to death in the forest, but he was reared by some shepherds and grew to such marvelous beauty that the nymph Agdistis greatly loved him. But still pursued by the hatred of his mother, he became insane and slew himself. Agdistis claimed his body and prayed Zeus that he might be spared the corruption of the grave. The prayer was granted. And, in celebration of the event, every year a festival of several days was held by the Phrygians in the early spring, at which the ceremony of laying his body away was observed and followed by the wildest transports of grief. But after three days he was supposed to be found again, and a feast of great joy was celebrated. There is here a marvelous analogy to the resurrection of Jesus Christ, of whom it was said, "Thou wilt not suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption," and whose coming forth from the grave at the end of the three days should throw all humanity into transports of joy as they celebrate their Easter festival. But also concerning those dear ones "whom we have loved long since and lost awhile" this illustration brings the glad thought that the power of the grave over them is broken and we remember the triumphant shout of Paul, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" 1 Cor. 15: 55.

LABOR THE UNIVERSAL REQUIREMENT. (387)

Abaris was a priest of Apollo who was driven by a plague from his native land to

make his home in Greece. He is said to have been fed by the gods, never requiring earthly food. But his history is entirely mythical and can never be wrought into a human experience. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread" was written for all men and the gods feed only those who labor or for whom some other has labored. The harvests wave in their gold because some one has planted and they shall finally come to the garner because some one has reaped. Every morsel of food represents some one's toil and labor and the sweat of some one's brow or brain. There are idlers in the world, and they are splendidly clothed and fed while they produce nothing by brain or muscle to make the earth richer, but it is not the gods who feed them. The universal law has gone forth, "Six days shalt thou labor," and it is for the leisure classes as well as a law for the toiling millions who sweat for them, upon whose life they are a parasitical growth. The idler is an anomaly in nature, and a menace to society.

RIDICULE PUNISHED (388)

Ceres is represented as having been one day a-thirst and in need of water. She came to the home of Metanira and was given a cup with which from a spring she refreshed herself. But while she eagerly drank, Abas, the son of the house, mocked and ridiculed her and the goddess changed him into a lizard.

It is a hard heart which will not sympathize with suffering whether the sufferer be a goddess or the little child, but that condition of heart which will ridicule pain and want is certainly less than human and we can scarce

regret its change into that form which best expresses it, whether it be a lizard or some other of the lower orders of life. The great Master said that the cup of water given to one of His was given unto Him, and His severest condemnation was visited upon those to whom he said, with the same meaning, "I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink." Contrasted with the fate of Abas was that of Triptolemus whom Ceres, for the hospitality which his father's home had offered her, taught agriculture and sent about the world in her own chariot to teach men, thus wonderfully exalting his life. Let us cultivate that sympathy which is kindly disposed to all men, opening our hearts to their needs, remembering that "thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

ASSOCIATION NOT EVERY- THING. (389)

The companionship of able and distinguished men often attaches to their associates some reputation and certainly some measure of responsibility. But the Greeks tell of a town of Thrace-Abdera, wherein was born such men as Democritus, Hecataeus, Protagoras, Anaxarchus and others of distinguished reputation; yet notwithstanding, the term "Abderite" was one of reproach, signifying stupidity. It matters little where you were born or with whom you played, but only what you are in this world. Solomon says, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," but there is a morbid and un-American desire to shake the hand of mere title and be smiled upon by nobility, which in itself is not wise and does not produce wisdom but rather to the contrary. And while it is true that association is one of the great agencies which mould our lives, it can only do so where affinity to some degree exists and where it is followed by assimilation and correspondence. So that a man may walk with the wise and be a fool, with the pure and be impure, with the true and be false; may be an "Abderite" while surrounded by greatness.

THE RIGHTEOUS CITY. (390)

In the reign of Cecrops both Neptune and Minerva claimed possession of Athens. The contest became so bitter that the gods took the matter in charge and in a council decided that the one of the two which made humanity the most useful gift should have it and become its patron deity. Neptune struck his trident into the ground and a horse sprang forth as his gift, while Minerva caused the olive tree to grow. The gods decided in favor of the goddess.

The city has always been the strategic point in the battle for a higher civilization and there is no other place over which the forces of good and ill, of light and darkness, of right and wrong, wage so incessant a battle. In all our large cities it is the question paramount, whether God or Satan shall rule and which shall become the patron. From the present view it would seem that the Neptune of evil was sweeping them with his billows of sin, but we believe that the Minerva of Right hath a seed sown which shall grow into a tree of righteousness in these places of in-

fluence and power, and that finally the One who would have "gathered" Jerusalem shall bring under His sway the cities of our land. But the council which decides which it shall be is composed of our citizenship, and every citizen hath a deciding influence. "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted." Prov. 11: 11.

REPENTANCE DEMANDED. (391)

The essential justice in the demand of God for a sorrow over sin and for repentance as the beginning of a better life, was clearly seen by the Greeks. They worshipped, as one of the attributes of Apollo, that compassion and mercy of the god which, upon a criminal's repentance, would grant him purification from the stain of the crime. ("considered by them an evil, crushing the heart and clouding the mind"), would heal his spirit and restore him to his place and privilege in civic life, and in religious fellowship. Apollo himself was made to set the example, when, after slaying the Delphian dragon, he performed as penance seven years of menial service for Admetus and afterwards had himself purified in the sacred grove of bay-trees by the Thessalian temple. Then and then only was he supposed to be worthy to return to his office as the prophet of Zeus. "For Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." 2 Cor. 7: 10.

GOD'S HOUSE. (392)

The custom of providing sumptuously for the object of their worship, has been characteristic of nearly all peoples. From the Hebrew, with his tabernacle and magnificent temple, and the abundant provision for the worship of God, to the elaborate and ornate joss-house of the modern Chinese, there is an intuition that the expression of devotion and the means of worship should be by the best possible gift. This is signally illustrated by the quarters provided for Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis, worshipped by the Egyptians. He was given a magnificent residence with every object for his entertainment which the poured-out wealth of his blind devotees could purchase. But how infinitely more ought we care for the temples we rear to Almighty God. It is true that there are times and occasions when a chapel is a fit place for His worship but people who live in palaces and splendidly furnished homes have no right to provide a less beautiful sanctuary for Him, and there is a subtle robbery of themselves in the mean and ill-kept place of worship. "Ye shall not offer unto the Lord that which is broken or bruised or crushed or cut. There shall be no blemish therein." Lev. 22: 21, 24. God, His worship and His service demand of us the best we can offer and anything less is unworthy of us and of Him.

CHILDREN SUBJECTED TO TEMPTATION. (393)

Parents who argue that a child must know the world of sin and has less inclination for its pleasures by being familiarized therewith can find a lesson in the story of Thetis who stands the representative of foolish mothers. She desired for her children immortal natures

and herself placed them into a fire believing that the mortal and the gross would be consumed and the pure and immortal would remain. It is needless to say that she lost the six which were subjected to the process and Achilles the seventh would have been consumed had not Peleus, his mortal father, rescued him. Her folly and her grief have their modern parallel in that philosophy and its effects, which would cure one of sin by making him intimate with it. How absurd to believe that one shall be preserved to purity by associating with impurity, to goodness by becoming acquainted with evil! It is true that we come through temptation to whiteness of soul but it is the temptation which finds us out and not the one we voluntarily enter. "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation," the Master said and it is ridiculous for us to pray as He taught us, "Lead us not into temptation" and to then deliberately walk into it ourselves or take others in, and expect immunity.

EARTHLY TREASURE. (394)

Some things cost more than they are worth. Mercury had given to Phrixus a ram with a golden fleece that he might escape on it from the dangers which threatened him in his own country. He came to Colchis and there sacrificed the ram to Jupiter and made a gift of its fleece to Acetus the king. But to keep this gift Acetus was at tremendous pains, for it was greatly coveted, and must be guarded night and day by a faithful dragon. And when finally Jason secured it, in his effort to retake it the king lost his son and heir as well as his daughter Medea, who fled with Jason. And it is true that many of the earthly treasures which come as gifts cost us more than they are worth. He was a wise pastor who arose in his pulpit one morning and asked the prayers of the congregation for a young man who had just fallen heir to a large fortune. There are many men who, to guard and nourish the business which they have developed, are required to give more and more of that life which in its value is above comparison with the business. The duties and pleasures of the home, the companionship of books, the association of choice friends are all given up, and some men have given their souls to guard the earthly treasures. More and more must the world appreciate the philosophy of Jesus, who said, "But lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

BITTER FRUITS OF ENVY. (395)

Aedon was the wife of Zethus, king of Thebes. She had one son, Itylus, while Niobe, wife of her brother, had been blest with six sons and six daughters. Envy so possessed the woman that she determined to slay the eldest of Niobe's sons, but by some awful mistake she instead slew her own. Her grief was so great that Zeus in mercy changed her to a nightingale, whose plaintive notes are those of Aedon grieving ever for her child and for her sin. There is no passion which has

surer retribution for the sinner than that of envy. The Scriptures say, "Envy is the rottenness of the bones," and certainly no canker ever eats quicker into the vitals of the life than does this passion into the soundness of a good heart. There are some retributions which come gradually, perhaps, but the poison of envy instantly leaps to the center of moral and spiritual vitality and begins the process of degeneration which shall soon crumble our strength and pull down our life.

SONS OF GOD. (396)

Aegaeon, sometimes referred to as Briareus, was the son of Uranus or Heaven, and Gaea or Earth. There was the conception that the offspring of such parentage should be of tremendous size and power. And so the ancients pictured this child as having one hundred arms, fifty heads, and made him the champion of heaven and the leader of the war against the Titans, the mighty forces which sought the overthrow of Olympus.

But by what comparison or in what figure can we present the greatness of man who was made in God's image, and of whom it is said, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." In our personality, the image of the Infinite, in our regeneration, the offspring of the Holy Ghost; in our association, the brethren of Jesus Christ; in our estate, the heirs of God; in our life, growing up from the world, purified by its fires, toughened by its storms, developed by its conflicts; yet with our heads in heaven, inspired by its hopes, held by its ideals, strengthened by its might. In us the divine and the human meet, heaven and earth come together, time and eternity blend to make a destiny so great that the apostle could only say, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

THE AVERNUS OF UNBELIEF. (397)

There is nothing so stultifying to spiritual life, so blighting to moral growth, so subversive of affirmative goodness, as unbelief. It is a toxic agent in the body spiritual and a deadly narcotic to the lively sensibilities of the soul. It is like the poisonous exhalations from that dread Lake Avernus which the Romans and Greeks conceived to lie along the path to Hades and by which the luckless wanderer was stupefied past all resistance as his tendencies crowded him over the awful way, into the cave of the Sibyl and on into the enveloping darkness of that pit which opened into and through which lay the way into the nether world of shades. After breathing its vapors the traveler could face with comparative equanimity the destiny which lay at the end of that path of darkness.

Thereby is illustrated to us the dread power of unbelief in that it renders men careless in the face of the momentous issues which wait upon human volition and heedless of the results of the worst choice.

Would you like to go to Palestine free of charge? See our offer on pages 423-424.

STORIES OF EASTER HYMNS.

From "Famous Hymns and Their Authors," by F. A. JONES, and from "Annotations on Popular Hymns."

The Resurrection was a favorite subject with the majority of ancient hymnists, and as a consequence a large proportion of those hymns which we are accustomed to sing on Easter Day have come to us from the Latin. Foremost among these is "Jesus Christ is risen today," a hymn the authorship of which is shrouded in mystery. It has, however, been conclusively proved to be a composition of the fourteenth century. Curiously enough the name of the translator is also unknown.

This hymn, very much as we sing it today, first appeared in a book entitled *Lyra Davidica*, published in 1708, the first verse reading:

Jesus Christ is risen today,
Halle-Halle-lujah.

Our triumphant Holy-day;
Who so lately on the Cross,

Suffer'd to redeem our loss.

No name of author was appended, and little inquiry, if any, appears to have been made as to who it was who had contributed to our national hymnary so fine a translation of the Latin hymn. Three stanzas only were given, the fourth, the Doxology, as published in some hymnals, being afterwards written by Charles Wesley. As this Doxology may not be in the hymnals used by some of my readers, I give it:

Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah!

Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!

Praise Him, all ye heavenly host;
Hallelujah!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Hallelujah!

The really magnificent melody with which this hymn will always be associated, rendering it a veritable "triumphant song," appeared in conjunction with the hymn in *Lyra Davidica*. It seems quite in keeping with the mystery surrounding the authorship of hymn and translation that the music should also be by an unknown composer. And so it is. No name was attached to the setting, and though various composers have been credited with its authorship, it has never been conclusively proved who was the real composer.

Another hymn which has come to us from the Latin, and one of which nothing is known regarding the authorship, is "The strife is o'er, the battle done." It is said to have been written during the twelfth century, but even this information is scarcely to be relied upon. Dr. Neale and Dr. Bonar have both made translations, but their versions have long since been cast into obscurity by Mr. Francis Pott's spirited rendering:

The strife is o'er, the battle done!

The victory of life is won!

The song of triumph has begun! Alleluia!

Very soon after Mr. Pott published his translation in 1861, it was included in a great number of hymnals, usually in an altered condition. In one popular collection the only verse given as the translator wrote it is the

last. In many hymnals the following verse is omitted:

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell,
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell!
Alleluia!

The melody called "Victory," to which this hymn has for many years been sung, and which commences, as my readers will recollect, with a triumphant trio of alleluias, is from one of Palestrina's oratorios.

Mr. Francis Pott, besides being a translator, is also known as a writer of original hymns. His "Angel voices ever singing," and "Lift up your heads, eternal gates," are to be found in many hymnals.

One of the finest and most beautiful original Easter hymns we possess is:

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

He hath burst His bonds in twain, by the late Rev. Archer Gurney. This hymn was first published in a little volume of original and collected hymns, entitled *A Book of Praise*, compiled by Mr. Gurney in 1860. The compiler's own copy, which he used when chaplain of the Court Church, Paris, is beside me as I write, having been sent to me by a relative of the late hymnist. It is marked "Altar," and is a very small volume bound in cloth. The book contains 281 pieces, of which Mr. Gurney composed no fewer than 147. With the exception of "Christ is risen!" however, no hymns by Mr. Gurney have come into common use, though many he wrote call for the serious attention of hymnal editors.

"Christ is risen!" appears in the author's collection in a somewhat different form from that in many hymnals. Indeed, the frequency with which Mr. Gurney's fine hymn has been altered, sometimes with his leave, but more often without, was a source of considerable distress to the author. On more than one occasion he remarked that if an editor thought "Christ is risen!" a sufficiently good hymn to insert in his collection, he wished he would print it as written, or leave it alone altogether. The refrain in this hymn, which has been more often altered than any other part of the composition, appears in *A Book of Praise* in the following form:

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

He hath burst His bonds in twain:

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Cry of gladness, soar again.

The melody, called "Resurrexit," which was specially written to the words of Mr. Gurney's hymn, is by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and is one of the finest tunes in our hymn books. It was written about the year 1874.

Mr. Archer Gurney, besides being a hymnist was also a very clever musician, and many of his hymns were first set to music by himself. Mrs. Dorothy Gurney, the authoress of "O perfect love, all human thought transcending," is the daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Archer Gurney.

"Jesus lives! no longer now can thy terror, death, appal us," is the late Miss Frances E. Cox's translation of the German hymn by C. F. Gellert. It is generally regarded by hymnologists to be the finest of the many fine hymns by this writer, and is to be found in nearly all German hymnals published during the last hundred years. In Germany, where it is as great a favorite at Easter services as in this country, it is also very often sung at funerals.

Since Miss Cox published her excellent translation of this hymn in 1840 it has become very popular in Great Britain and all English-speaking countries, few hymnals published during the last half century omitting it. In many collections, however, the opening lines have been altered to:

Jesus lives! thy terrors now

Can, O death, no more appal us, probably due to the fact that the first line is apt to convey a wrong impression unless due regard be paid to punctuation.

Though several translations of other hymns by Gellert have been made, it cannot be said that any one of them has gained a popularity in this country equal to that enjoyed by "Jesus lives!" Christian Fürchtegott Gellert died at Leipzig in 1769 at the age of forty-four.

From the Greeks we get a very beautiful Easter hymn, which has been translated by John Mason Neale:

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness.

This hymn is by St. John of Damascus, and was written some time during the latter half of the eighth century. Since Dr. Neale's translation appeared in 1862 this hymn has taken its place among those most frequently sung at Easter. In his Hymns of the Eastern Church, where the translation first appeared, it is given in four stanzas, but the following verse is usually omitted in most hymnals:

Neither might the gates of death
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But today amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

In one hymnal the following verse is substituted:

Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

Dr. Neale was the first to open up to us the beauties of Oriental hymnody. Before his translations began to find their way into our hymnals the lyrics of the Eastern Church were practically unknown. In the preface to his first volume of Greek translations the author says: "It is a most remarkable fact, and one which shows how very little interest has been hitherto felt in the Eastern Church,

that they are literally the only English versions of any part of the treasures of Oriental hymnology."

Another hymn which has come to us from Germany is "Christ, the Lord, is risen again," by Michael Weisse. Though translations of this hymn were published in England as early as 1750 it was not until Miss Catherine Winkworth issued her *Lyra Germanica* in 1857 that the hymn began to make its way into English collections. It has now become one of the most popular of all Easter hymns and is to be met with in most modern hymnals.

Michael Weisse was a Silesian, being born in Neisse about the year 1480. For many years he lived in a monastery in Breslau, where a considerable number of his hymns were written. He ultimately left Breslau and joined the Bohemian Brethren at Landskron. Here he spent the remainder of his life preaching and writing hymns. He died in 1540.

"Christ, the Lord, is risen again" is the only hymn by Weisse which can be said to have gained any great popularity in this country.

"Alleluia, alleluia, Hearts to heaven and voices raise," an Easter hymn of great beauty, is by the late Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln. It first appeared in a collection of the bishop's hymns, after which it was included in several hymnals. It had the advantage of being set to music by the late Arthur Sullivan, who successfully interpreted the joyful nature of the words, the result being an inspiring hymn, both as regards music and words.

It is based on the words taken from the 15th chapter of the second book of Corinthians: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." In most hymnals it is given in an unaltered form with the exception of the following verse, which is usually omitted:

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born;
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

A good translator seldom makes a very successful original hymnist. This was the case with John Mason Neale. Very few of his original hymns will live, though his translations will always be regarded as among the finest in our hymnals. One composition of an original nature by the late hymnist, however, has been accorded a good deal of favor, and is now to be found in a great number of collections. This was an Easter carol beginning, "The foe behind, the deep before." It differs considerably from any other hymn in the language, being written in a kind of irregular verse, if the expression be allowable. It was composed in 1853 and published the following year in his Carols for Easter-tide. In the original it consists of twelve stanzas, but these have been greatly reduced in the hymnal. It was set to music by Dr. Joseph Barnby, and was a great favorite among the Eton boys.

"Crown Him with many crowns," by the late Matthew Bridges, though not specially written for Easter, is eminently suited for that season of the year. It first appeared in the author's Hymns of the Heart, and was subsequently included in a great number of collections. Mr. Bridges based his composition on the words "And on His head were many crowns," and has succeeded in producing one of the finest sacred lyrics in the language. It has been altered by various editors and appears in few hymnals exactly as the author wrote it. In Thring's collection only one stanza is by Mr. Bridges, the remaining four being the work of the editor. The following verse is often omitted:

Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Matthew Bridges was born at Maldon, in Essex, in 1800, and, though brought up a member of the Church of England, early in life seceded to the Church of Rome. He published two small volumes of hymns, one in 1848 and the other in 1852. From these the majority of his hymns have been taken, not one of which, however, can compare in point of popularity with his "Crown Him with many crowns." Mr. Bridges towards the close of his life lived in Canada. He died in Quebec in 1893.

"Rejoice, the Lord is King" is equally suited to either Easter or Ascension. It is by Charles Wesley, and was first printed in 1746. In point of popularity and the number of hymnals in which it is to be found it compares favorably with the same author's "Hark, the herald angels sing," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul." In many collections the following verse is omitted:

He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

This hymn attracted the attention of Handel, who wrote for it the very fine melody called "Gopsal." The original of this setting is at present located in the Fitzwilliam Museum, together with many other of Handel's manuscripts. It is often thought that the small notes for the organ, which my readers will perhaps recollect are interpolated between the two lines of the refrain, were added afterwards by another composer, but this is not the case. The tune has been collated with the original and agrees with it in every particular. "Rejoice, the Lord is King," is almost the only hymn to be found in our hymnals which has been set to music by Handel.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name," though seldom placed among the hymns for Easter or Ascension, is distinctly suitable for

either occasion. It was written by Edward Perronet, and published in the *Gospel Magazine* in 1780. It is somewhat curious that the hymn by Shrubsole, which is as famous as the hymn itself, was published at the same time and in the same magazine. This tune, which might have been by the same hand as penned that to "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," received its name of "Miles Lane," it is said, from the chapel in Miles Lane, London, where Shrubsole was for many years organist.

The hymn as originally published contained eight stanzas. The following verse, however, is generally omitted:

Let highborn seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

This verse is rather a clumsy one, and does not add in any degree to the value or beauty of the hymn.

In Wesley's *Hymn Book* appears another verse which is not by Perronet at all. It is the last in the hymn, and reads as follows:

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

This verse, too, is a weak one, and compares unfavorably with the rest of the hymn. Though Edward Perronet wrote other hymns, some of them, perhaps, in merit equal to "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," it cannot be said that any one of them has become familiar to the church-going public. Like many another hymnist, his reputation rests on a single composition.

An Easter hymn of great beauty and vigor is Robert Campbell's translation from the Latin, "At the Lamb's high feast we sing." The author of the original is unknown, but it is generally supposed to have been written sometime during the 6th century. The translation was compiled, according to a manuscript which is in the possession of Mrs. E. Campbell, in 1849. It was printed the following year in a small volume of hymns which has long since been out of print.

Robert Campbell is not known as a writer of original hymns, though a few of these have been published. The popularity of his "At the Lamb's high feast we sing," however, is beyond that of any other translation, though there have been many. It is to be found in a very large number of hymnals and has been copied into a great many foreign collections. The stirring melody to which it is allied, known as "Salzburg," is from J. Sebastian Bach.

Robert Campbell was a Scotch Advocate, but devoted much of his time to the classics. He found relaxation from his professional duties in making translations of Latin hymns, many of which were published in a volume called the *St. Andrew's Hymnal*. In 1852, at the age of thirty-eight, he left the Episcopal Church of Scotland and became a Roman Catholic. He died in Edinburgh in 1868 at the early age of fifty-four.

(Continued on page 427.)

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—APRIL.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter.

PALM SUNDAY.

The Triumphal Entry: Matt. 21: 6-16.

I. The purpose of the Triumphal procession. The popular conception of the Messiah's kingdom was political and worldly. Founded on the glorious visions and descriptions of the prophets it was "only a magnified kingdom of David, founded on war and violence, measured by the glory and power of the few," "a world empire eclipsing even Rome in its splendor." This was not Christ's kingdom which was spiritual and moral; a kingdom of righteousness and love. But the people must see that His kingdom was real, a fact, a certainty, even at the risk of their temporary misunderstanding of its nature, which could be remedied later.

II. The Choir Invisible. In all triumphal processions there is a "choir invisible" accompanying the visible throng. Sometimes they are chanting dirges over the wrecks, the distress and poverty and bloodshed, ravaged fields, ruined villages, widows and orphans, crimes and cruelties, which the victors left in their path. Sometimes they are singing hymns of joy over the good accomplished, the progress of all that is good for man, intermingled with many a minor chord of sorrow.

If Christ had opened the eyes of those looking upon this scene as the eyes of Elisha's servant were opened, so that they might see the invisible and hear the inaudible, no pen could picture the real triumphal procession. They would have seen the vast multitude of those whom he had healed and comforted and saved from sin—Lazarus, Bartimeus, the ten lepers, the widow of Nain's son, the ruler's daughter, a host of those whom He had raised from the dead, those from whom He had cast out devils, the blind He had made to see and the lame that now walked, the lepers He had cleansed, those who had been delivered from the bondage of their sins and brought into the light of the gospel. There would join them the angels who sang at His birth, Moses and Elijah, who appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, and the twelve legions of angels He once said were ready at His call. Heaven would swiftly have emptied itself, and all its choirs would joyfully have come down to do Him honor, and sing their songs of joy over many a sinner brought to repentance.

The triumphs of Caesar and Pompey were but child's play to this. Not all of earth's monarchs together could have summoned such a procession. Imagination fails to paint the picture of Christ's real triumphal procession.

III. Christ's triumphal march through the ages. Jesus riding in this triumphal procession was an object lesson, a living parable, setting forth His triumphal march down the ages.

Palm Sunday also prefigured the entire history of the Church here below. The history of the Church is the march of the glorified Lord Jesus across continents and centuries. He marches towards the final domination of

the whole world. Commerce, railroads, printing presses, inventions, wealth, civilization, are aiding His triumph, paving His way, and advancing His glory. All are cast down before Him in His onward march. And all the redeemed, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, are singing His hosannas, and joining in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

"The gospel banner wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee."

Read the beautiful description of the triumphal procession in Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." Robert Browning's Poems, "The Patriot," with whom at first

"It was roses, roses all the way.
The house roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church spires flamed, such flags they
had."

But in one year all this was changed for binding ropes, and stones, and a scaffold.—F. N. Pelonbet, D. D.

Who Is This That Cometh From Edom? "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"—Isaiah 63: 1.

The victory of Christ; the destruction of evil by good; the conquest over the Devil by the Son of God, at cost, with pain, so that as He comes forth His robes are red with blood; the redemption of mankind from sin by the Divine and human Savior—this is the largest and completest meaning of the ancient vision. Wherever there is good at work in the world, we Christians may see the progress of the struggle, and rejoice already in the victory of Christ. It does us good. It enlarges and simplifies our thought of Christ's religion. We shall conquer. But when we say that, we are driven home to Him and Him alone, as our religion. Look at the method of His salvation, first, for the world at large, and then for the single soul.

I. "Who is this that cometh from Edom?" Sin hangs on the borders of goodness everywhere, as just across the narrow Jordan valley Edom always lay threatening upon the skirts of Palestine. So right on the border of man's higher life lies the hostile Edom, watchful, indefatigable, inexorable, as the old foe of the Jews. Every morning we lift up our eyes, and there are the low black hill tops across the narrow valley, with the black tents upon their sides, where Edom lies in wait. Who shall deliver us from the bad world and our bad selves? The Savior comes out of the enemy's direction. His whole work had relation to and issues from the fact of sin. If there had been no sin there would have been no Savior.

II. Look next what He says to His anxious questioner, (1) We ask Him, "Who is this?" and He replies, "I that come in right-

eousness, mighty to save." The Savior comes in the strength of righteousness. He will be the negotiator of no low compromise. He wants to set up the standard of absolute holiness in the midst of a nature all conquered and totally possessed by Him. (2) It is no holiday monarch coming with a bloodless triumph. The power of God has struggled with the enemy and subdued him only in the agony of strife. Only in self-sacrifice and suffering could even God conquer sin. (3) He has conquered alone. He had fellow-workers, but they only handed round the broken bread and fishes in the miracle, or ordered the guest-chamber on the Passover night. They never came into the deepest work of His life. With the mysterious suffering that saved the world they had nothing to do. (4) What was the fruit of this victory over Edom, which the seer of Israel discovered from the mountain-top? It set Israel free from continual harassing and fear, and gave her a chance to develop along the way that God had marked out for her. Christ's salvation sets men free; it takes off the load of sin; it gives us a new chance; and says to the poor soul that has been thinking there was no use trying to stagger on with such a load, go on; your burden is removed. Go on; go up to the home that you were made for, and the life in God.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem: "Much people that were come to the feast * * * took branches of the palm-trees and went forth to meet Him, and cried Hosanna," etc.—John 12: 12, 13.

Christ was now approaching the end of His ministry. His fame had, for three years, spread far and wide; great crowds went out of the city to meet Him. Some threw their garments in the way—as a young nobleman once threw down his cloak, when the road was muddy, for Queen Elizabeth to walk over. Others cut down branches and cast them in His way, just as the children of our own country used to strew flowers in the way where Washington was to pass. Palm was an emblem of joy, peace and victory, and was, therefore, appropriately used on this occasion.

This scene in the life of the Lord Jesus teaches:

I. That all that God has said in His Word will come true. Five hundred years before, this entry of Christ into Jerusalem was predicted and minutely described by the prophet Zechariah.

II. The fulfilment of prophecies that are past is a sure guaranty of the fulfilment of those that are future. "I, the Lord have spoken it, and will do it." Read in your Bibles what has been said about the coming, rejection, and crucifixion of Christ; about the destruction of Jerusalem, of Ninevah, Babylon, Tyre, and Sidon, the dispersion of the Jews, and see how surely it has all come to pass, and learn from it all.

III. A lesson of trust in God—in all that He says in His Word, concerning you. Believe God when He says that you are a sinner, "For all have sinned." "None righteous, no, not one." And when, believing this, and feeling it, and in deep sorrow for sin, you ask,

"What shall I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," there and then saved when you believe.

IV. A lesson of human weakness. The crowd that now shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David," four days after cried, "Crucify Him," "Away with this fellow and give us instead the murderer Barabbas." Oh! how we need to offer the prayer we so often sing, carelessly, I fear:

"Savior, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side."

V. We should best celebrate this day by receiving Christ gladly into our hearts. That day when He entered the city He went into the temple and cleansed it. Let Him come in and cleanse our hearts. He is just outside now, waiting to come in. Listen! "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me."

Christ wept over Jerusalem—He is yearning over you just now.—Rev. Geo. H. Smyth.

The Coming of Christ: John 12: 12, 13.

I. The Earth is More Interesting Since Christ Came.—He comes "meek." He had but one triumph. And there He was sitting on the colt of an ass. Jesus knew that poor forlorn thing. Meekness consistent with power—the meek Dawn—the meek Spring.

II. He comes A Kinsman—"Son of David" a royal—but also a human title. In John 14: 18 He says, "I will not leave you orphans; I will come again."

III. He Comes in the Name of Jehovah.—In the spirit and power of Jehovah. His benignity and miracles show us what our God is.

IV. He Comes A King.—He comes to His poor. Not to every poor man, not man who is poor by drink or crime. Especially those who are poor because of their sacrifices for others.—Charles F. Deems, D. D.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The Title on the Cross: John 19: 10.

I. A Reproachful Title.—A pretender to power who fails, is exposed to contempt. The murderer by wholesale is applauded as a conqueror. On this basis the Roman Empire was founded. Pilate's idea of "a King" was that of a rebel seized with arms in his hands. Hordes of robbers at this time defying the Imperial government. The leader of such a band would have inspired Pilate with respect. But to Jesus he says: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" Surely, Caesar has nothing to fear from such a pitiful rival. Such the King who must be enthroned in our hearts. Are you willing to confess this rejected malefactor? If you doubt He is your King read the prophecy. Ps. 22: 16, 17; Is. 53: 3, 5. With light from such passages, again read the title, text.

II. A Vindicating Title.—His enemies brought many charges against Him. Pilate

by his title vindicates His innocence. By the Roman governor's confession Jesus is a King. The Cross His throne. For His redeemed ones He hangs there. Where now the fear of Pilate when threatened? 5:12. As Christ's innocence vindicated so His people's. Ps. 27: 56. How often have names of saints been covered with reproach, yet brought out triumphantly. God changed His cross into a throne, on which read text.

III. A Prophetic Title.—Declares His right to enter all Kingdoms by His gospel. Written in three languages as if to predict universality of His sway. Signifies that the powerful, the wise, and the worshippers of God are His subjects. So Caiphas, John 11: 51, 52. "Not for that nation only"—a wider design. Ps. 96: 10. God bringing to pass His promise. Ps. 2: 8. He lays foundation of His Kingdom on the cross. Not when preaching on the Mount of Beatitudes. Not when lighting up the meaning of ancient oracles. Not when stilling the tempest, etc. Not when greeted with rapturous hosannas. If this were all, He would have been without a Kingdom. No Jerusalem would have been built; no banner of liberty waved; no longings for a better land excited. The city had to be founded in the blood of the covenant. John 12: 32, and we may ask Is. 60: 8. Yes, that title remains the same till prophecy fulfilled. Habak. 2: 14. On this solemn anniversary be humbled. Seek for faith to behold our King. May He govern our spirits and hearts. Let us swear allegiance to His sacred standard.—Author Unknown.

The Death Prophesied.—John 12: 32-33.

I. The important event the text anticipates. Our Lord here refers to the crucifixion. The exaltation of Christ in the ministry of the gospel comprehends: (1) The recital of the manner of the Redeemer's death. (2) The declaration of the great design of His death. (3) The proclamation of His power to save, with the terms on which He saves.

II. The grand purpose the text reveals: (1) The point to which He attracts—"unto Me." (2) The manner in which He attracts—the view of the Divine character presented by the signings up of Christ on the Cross is eminently attractive. (3) The scale on which He attracts—"all men."—J. Rawlinson.

Christ's Death A Voluntary Act: Therefore doth my Father love Me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again."—John 10: 17.

I. The death of Christ was entirely voluntary. "I lay down my life." 1. He was laid under no obligation to die. 2. He was not subject to the natural law of dissolution. 3. He possessed power to defeat all the efforts of His foes.

II. Christ possesses the power to resume the life which He voluntarily laid down. "That I might take it again." This proves—1. His divinity. 2. His ability to save His people from the power of death.

III. By submitting to a shameful death Jesus secured the peculiar love of His Father. "Therefore doth My Father love Me." The Son must ever have been the great object of

the Father's love; but in consequence of His accomplishing the great work of redemption, He became specially dear to the Father. We should learn from this: 1. To love Jesus, who laid down His life for us. 2. To imitate Him in His obedience to God, and then you will share in His glory.—Author Unknown.

Christ the Propitiation of Our Sins: "Him in is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."—I John 4: 10.

The word propitiation means the atoning sacrifice, for the sake of which God can be propitious or gracious to a transgressor of the divine law. These words of the apostle John lead us to notice:

I. That Man's transgression made a propitiation necessary. 1. The law which man had transgressed was perfect. The object of the law was to promote man's well-being. It was given by Him whose sovereign right it is to command. Every act of disobedience justly deserves punishment. 2. Man cannot atone for his sins. The Bible represents him as an insolvent debtor. Some one must become the surety of the poor debtor to God's law.

II. The Son of God is the propitiation required. 1. He is divinely qualified as our propitiation. He is the God-man. As man it was possible for Him to suffer, as God His sufferings were vicarious. 2. The Father accepted the obedience and sufferings of His Son as an atonement for the sins of the world. This is repeatedly taught in the Holy Scriptures.

III. This propitiation is a manifestation of God's love. Concerning God's love: 1. It was undeserved, "Not that we loved God." Man never asked for redemption. There was nothing in us that could have provoked God to love us. 2. Unselfish in its nature. The great purpose of "sending His Son" was to confer peace and joy and eternal felicity upon the workmanship of His hands. 3. Reflect upon God's love. It should lead the sinner to the feet of Jesus. It should urge the believer to deeds of self-sacrifice in the service of God.—Author Unknown.

The Sacrifice of Christ: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye are healed."—I Peter 2: 24.

We have in these words the grandest doctrine of the Gospel—the sacrificial death of our Lord Jesus Christ. A doctrine full of blessed consolation to every one concerned about the salvation of his soul. Contemplate:

I. Christ as the great sacrifice for sin. 1. He was the Son of God. He was the co-equal with the Father. He possessed all the attributes of the Divine nature. "In whom dwelt all the fullness of the God-head bodily." 2. As a sacrifice for sin He assumed our nature. "Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh." Christ was human as well as divine. 3. As our sacrifice He showed unparalleled love. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He died not for a friend, but for His bitterest enemies.

II. The grand purpose of this great sacrifice. 1. To make us dead to sin. Through Christ's sufferings we are justified, and thus die legally in sin. By faith in Christ sin loses its power upon us. 2. To make us alive to righteousness. Were it not for this great sacrifice we would remain dead in trespasses and in sin. 3. To heal our spiritual diseases. The malady of sin has taken hold upon us. We need to be healed. "By whose stripes ye were healed." 1. Consider Christ as the only sacrifice for sin. 2. Faith in Christ alone will secure for us the benefits of this great sacrifice.—Author Unknown.

The Crucifixion: "Jesus when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain," etc.—Matt. 27: 50-54.

The life of Christ was throughout a life of wonders. Never man spake like this man; never man acted like this man; never man suffered like this man; and, never man died like this man. His life and death were in perfect keeping with each other.

I. The wonderful event here referred to. "Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost." "Yielded," voluntarily. His enemies challenged Him to come down from the cross. He could easily have accepted it. He preferred to die that we might live.

II. The prodigies by which His death was attended. Nature not only gave testimony to Him at His birth, but also at His death. 1. The darkness that overspread the land. Various opinions have been entertained concerning the extent of this darkness; the most probable is, that it only extended over the land of Judea. It could not have been produced by an ordinary eclipse, because it took place at the time of the feast of the Passover, which was always held at full moon. This darkness may be regarded as emblematic of that thick gloom which overspread the soul of the Redeemer. 2. The veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. This was to show that by the death of Christ the kingdom of heaven is opened to all believers. Every impediment to man's salvation is removed. It also indicated that the old dispensation was now abrogated. 3. The rending of the rocks. These riven rocks were spoken of by the early Christians as evidence which might be witnessed by every observer. The prophet Nahum represents the rending of the rocks as a manifestation of divine displeasure. "His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by Him." And no wonder that tokens of His righteous indignation were now given. 4. The opening of the graves and the rising of the dead. Like the other prodigies, this may be regarded as emblematical; and the great truth it teaches is, that death and the grave were vanquished by the Saviour. He is the resurrection and the life, and all that are in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth.

III. The effects which these prodigies produced. "Now when the centurion, and they that were with him," etc. "Truly this was the

Son of God." This testimony, coming from such a quarter, was: 1. Most important. How should it have shamed the unbelief of the priests and scribes? 2. Exceedingly reasonable. Such supernatural occurrences clearly testified to the supernatural character of Him who, with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. It cannot be out of place to ask, what effect has the death of Christ produced upon you? Have you been able to view it unmoved and unconcerned? The sun could not stand it.—Author Unknown.

Lessons at the Cross: "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death; even the death of the cross."—Phil. 2: 8.

Let us, this day, stand at the foot of the cross, and contemplate the death of Christ as teaching us important lessons.

I. The awful aggravation of sin. We learn much of sin and its consequences in the world's history, but nothing to equal this. In nothing does sin appear so odious as in the persecution experienced by Christ, and in the awful act of putting Him to the death of the cross. This was the consummation of sin, the most awful exhibition of it the world ever saw.

II. The depth of man's misery. Man must be sunk very low to require the interposition of the Son of God; but how much more so to require His death by crucifixion and His burial in the earth.

III. The fulfillment of scripture. Many an Old Testament Scripture spake of the death of Christ as a vicarious sacrifice. David described His sufferings and death, and the prophet Isaiah tells us why He should die. And the sacred historian relating these facts tells us, again and again, that "these things were done that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." And hereby we see the truth of the inspiration of God's word, and the faithfulness of the God who had promised.

IV. The justice and holiness of Jehovah. These attributes had been seen in all God's dealings with man, and particularly in the giving of His law, and the penalty attached to it for disobedience; but in nothing was there such an exhibition of these perfections as in His requiring the perfect obedience of Christ as His death on the cross, in order that man might be redeemed and saved.

V. The love, mercy, and grace of God in Christ. Had God emptied heaven of its treasures, and sent every angel on the errand of salvation, it would have been comparatively nothing to the gift of His Son in full view of His accumulated sufferings and death. Nothing could possibly equal this, and gives us such a glorious view of these perfections.

VI. The greatness of the work of redemption. Great indeed! since none could be trusted with the work but Christ, and He must die to secure it. It was nothing less than to save the immortal soul from sin, death, and hell, and raise it to eternal glory. Let us, then, often visit the cross to learn to hate sin; to have faith in Christ; and our vast obligations for salvation.—Author Unknown.

EASTER.'

Easter Messages: "Lo, I am with you always." Matt. 28: 20.

Each appearance of the risen Christ seemed for some special purpose, as if intended to sink deeper and deeper into our hearts the great truth of our text, that He is with us, in every circumstance and condition of life—with us always.

I. In His appearance to the ten (Thomas being absent), gathered in an upper room, the doors being closed for fear of the Jews, we have Him cheering His followers against the opposition and persecution of their enemies.

II. In His appearance to the eleven, Thomas the Doubter being present, we find Him entering into His disciples' doubts, submitting to their examination, and satisfying them completely.

III. In His appearance on the sea shore to the seven who were plying their fishermen's trade out on the lake, we have Him with His people in the ordinary business of life, cheering them in it, or calling them from it to higher service.

IV. In His appearance to the more than 500 brethren on the mountain in Galilee, giving them the "great commission" to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, we have Him in the midst of His church, commanding and inspiring them for their great conquest.

V. And in the last recorded appearance, to James, of which we are told nothing, it seems as if He had given us a blank card on which we can write anything we please, so that if we happen to be in any situation or condition not exactly paralleled by any of the appearances of which we have more detailed account, we can say, "This may have been James trouble, in which Christ came to relieve him."

This is the sweet and precious truth of the text—that our Risen Lord is with us—at every time, in every place, in all circumstances and conditions—with us always—to console, to forgive, to cheer, to encourage, to resolve our doubts, to sanctify the commonplace or lift us out of it, to direct, to inspire.

O Jesus! Risen, Ascended and Glorified Redeemer, be Thou with us until we go to be with Thee!—Rev. W. R. Taylor, D. D.

The Sepulchre in the Garden: "And in the garden a new sepulchre." John 19: 41.

That spot where the Saviour was buried—did you ever think of it, and try to make a picture in your mind of the place and its surroundings? An Easter garden is a notable possession for even an opulent man. Shade is oriental luxury. The glare of the climate needs relief. The closeness of buildings is oppressive. Hence people in those regions live much in the open air. There are gardens of olives, gardens of grapes, gardens of spices—all of them paradises of beauty. Families gather in the midst of them; hold their meetings under the shadows of the trees and among the arbors of the vines. Chief friends have their trysting-places there. And so in all times to them the garden has easily been made the symbol of home.

I. Everybody now has his garden. And everybody loves it, too. Home is the center of delight to us all. We share common sensibilities and cherish common affections. An ancient king once offered a large premium for a new sensation. But fruitlessly; for human nature is unalterable, and its capacities are few and simple. And today we have all that Joseph had and no more. He had a garden, and we have a home. It was doubtless full of hope and enjoyment to him, and ours is the same to us.

Singularly enough, this rich Arimathean had a sepulchre in his garden. It was hewn in a rock in anticipation of his own decease. It seems a very strange notion on his part. You can think of all the exquisite suggestions of nature, made in a spot like this, concerning immortality and the resurrection. You can imagine a chrysalis hanging there on the branches, and bursting forth into its new existence afterwards, and flying off, a winged creature, into the sunshine. You can imagine the same round of the seasons there as now—Summer going down into the ground, and Spring in turn bringing the verdure up from its Winter grave again. But this helps only a little. A sepulchre is a very unusual and incongruous thing in a garden. Not unlikely Joseph put it there because he loved the associations of the spot so dearly.

II. Everybody now has a sepulchre in his garden. Sometimes he himself directly or indirectly puts it there. But oftener God's providence puts it there quite unexpectedly.

Think how many kinds of tombs there are: tombs above ground, and tombs under ground; tombs of earth, and tombs of brick, and tombs of stone; tombs of marble and tombs of clay. And now think how many possible sepulchres there are in the home gardens. Griefs put them up, disappointments fashion them, losses seal them, memories drape them, and love weeps over them. A prodigal son, a treacherous friend, a father ruined, a wife a shame, a daughter a curse. How many a family is this very day folding the hands of its generous charity over the humiliation of one of its circle. There are trials that go deeper than any common grave can measure. And yet even common graves are sore possessions sometimes. One mourner has a child's chair vacant; one has a husband's desk unoccupied; one has his wedding-ring broken; one has an infant motherless. They all weep, but the desolation is none the less for the tears. Right in the midst of that which is dearest, God's providence often plants that which is saddest and most heart-breaking. And so the sepulchre stands in the very center of the garden.

Now this tomb of Joseph was put to a most unexpected use. In the train of God's eternal purpose, it so came about that the body of Jesus of Nazareth was laid there. Of course this generous Arimathean never anticipated such an occupant. Yet how provident was the plan that among the poor fisher-friends of our Lord there should be found at least this one wealthy man, able to fulfill the prophecy that the Messiah should "make His grave with the rich." Where could He have been

laid more fittingly? Where in all that enclosure of Joseph was there so appropriate a spot for Him, as that newly-hewn tomb?

III. The sepulchre in the garden is always just the place in which to put Christ. A dying Saviour for a dying world, this is the Gospel offer of rare benediction. Every grief of the heart should be filled with the love that passes understanding. Where "the thorn in the flesh" presses, there "the grace sufficient" should be applied. A dying Christian's grave is the exact symbol of a mourning Christian's heart. Christ goes down into each, and there is just the place for Him to be formed, the hope of glory. Whatever may be our trial, there is the spot for our Presence that is to assuage it. Sorrow thereafter leads to peace. Bereavement conducts to joy. Trouble opens the way to rest. *Via Crucis, via Lucis;* "through the night, to the light." And so there is no part of human experience into which all the Gospel comes more fittingly than the disciplinary and the afflictive part.

IV. When Christ has been put into the sepulchre, then the sepulchre becomes forever thereafter the dearest spot in the garden. Anything that makes us cherish the Saviour more, is the most precious thing we have. No one thinks so much of Him as that poor tried soul, who has had his hand held by Him under the gloom of a great sorrow. And the very sorrow then becomes valuable to us, and in all the running years continues to grow dearer even to the end.

I have in mind a dear friend who has stood with me in the work of our common Master for this many a day. We have taken sweet counsel together and gone to the house of God in company. "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, my brother." Now he is under a cloud of trial. One voice he loved tenderly is still. One hand that clasped his, lies relaxed forever. He has a new "sepulchre" in his "garden." I am trying with this little word of mine to speak comfort. I looked down the other day into the grave with him. I saw through it. So did he. It was all light there. And now I believe that he and his—all dear Christian friends have no spot so precious to them in all their garden as that where the sepulchre stands. Into the very midst of their sorrow they asked the dying Saviour to come.—Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D.

Easter the Day of Gladness: "He is risen; he is not here." Mark 16: 6. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is the seal of all the Gospel miracles. If this supreme fact is granted, every other miracle recorded of Him is easy of belief. The rising of the Saviour from the dead has been fiercely assailed by the enemies of the faith, for it was seen to be the Gibraltar of Christianity itself. But unlike that stronghold, this fortress of fact has never been captured by unbelief. Easter day still waves the flag of triumph over doubt, despair and death.

The highest judicial evidence has been furnished for the Christian's belief that the Divine Head of the Church was dead and is alive again. According to the requirements of that evidence, the witnesses were credible, for the stupendous event fell within reach of their

senses, as intelligent observers, and as men whose memories could be trusted and who were free from bias or hope of gain. The testimony of the apostles and early Christians was unanimous on this point. St. Paul, who was not a personal follower of Christ, and who was compelled by the very structure of his mind to be thoroughly satisfied on matters of history and criticism, showed a minute knowledge of the details of the resurrection, as well as of the other features of our Lord's life. It could only have been obtained by a close and careful collection and collation of the materials of information abundantly accessible to him.

Well was this day called by St. Gregory Nazianzen "the queen of days, the festival of festivals"; by St. Chrysostom, "the desirable festival of our salvation, the foundation of our peace and the destruction of death"; and by others in those remote times, "the Lord's day of joy." We can justly join in renewing the utterances of these glowing words, and look upon Easter as the central sun in the heaven of the Christian year. On that peerless day the great work of redemption was completed. He who had died for our sins had risen again for our justification. His cross and passion saved the world from despair. Easter opened for us the gates of glory. The crape now upon the door may be the badge of God's best angel. The tomb is hallowed ground. All questions about immortality are answered.

Because He, my living Head, has risen and is alive forevermore I shall live, through the eternal years. Because He is the same Jesus who lived and loved upon the earth, I shall be the same identical personality in heaven that I was here below. Because He, possessed of the same humanity, knows and loves and helps His brethren who are still in the flesh, so shall I, in my glorified condition, be a minister of grace to those whom I have loved and left behind in this vale of tears.—Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D.

The Easter Symbol: "Consider the lilies of the field." Matt. 6: 28. "Consider the lilies of the field." We must take our Lord's words exactly. He is speaking of the lilies, of the bulbous plants which spring into flower in countless thousands every spring over the downs of eastern lands. All the winter they are dead, unsightly roots hidden in the earth. But no sooner does the sun of spring shine upon their graves than they rise into sudden life and beauty, as it pleases God, and every seed takes its own peculiar body. Sown in corruption, they are raised in incorruption; sown in weakness they are raised in power; sown in dishonor, they are raised in glory—delicate, beautiful in color, perfuming the air with fragrance, types of immortality fit for the crowns of angels.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." For even so is the resurrection of the dead. Yes, not without a divine providence, yea, a divine inspiration, has Eastertide been fixed at the season when the earth shakes off her winter's sleep, when the birds come back and the flowers begin to bloom, when every seed which falls into the ground and dies and rises again with a new body is a witness to us

of the Resurrection of Christ, and a witness, too, that we shall rise again; that in us, as in it life shall conquer death; when every bird that comes back to sing and build among us, every flower that blows, is a witness to us of the Resurrection of the Lord and of our resurrection.—Charles Kingsley.

The Power of His Resurrection: "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection." Phil. 3: 10. A few weeks ago a friend dug from the woods a clod of earth, black and heavy, without a suggestion of life, and incased about the edges with ice and snow. Placed in an earthen dish, it has stood since then in my window, where the sun has poured its warmth into the heart of the cold, dark clod. I held it in my hand today, and was thrilled with the mystery of its beauty! Every part of that once bit of earth is covered now with greenness and flowers. Tiny blossoms so dainty and sweet as only the woods produce, varieties of grasses, little embryo bushes—the whole rich productive forest is here in miniature. I have studied it eagerly, thrilled by its lesson. Who would have dreamed of this development when first this bit of ice-bound earth was brought to me? But the possibilities all were there; the seed of every beautiful growth was hidden within it. Dropped by the passing wind they had lain under the winter snows waiting the touch of spring.

Thus in your heart and mine has God put wondrous possibilities. They wait only to "know the power of His Resurrection" to spring into beauty and bloom. Put them where the Great Sun can reach them! Let the warmth of the light divine strike to their roots, and lo! what a marvel of development we see. And after the winter of death is over, who shall foretell the possibilities of the life eternal through the power of Him who was dead, but is alive for evermore?

Oh, if we could only lift up our hearts and live with Him! live new lives, high lives, lives of love and hope and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud and the letting of the life out to its completion! May God give us some such blessing for our Easter Day.—Author Unknown.

An Easter Ideal: There is a legend of Jesus which says that as He walked away from his grave, on the morning of his resurrection, sweet flowers grew in the path behind him. The legend is true in a spiritual sense—wherever his footsteps have pressed the earth, all these nineteen centuries flowers have sprung up—flowers of love, of kindness, of gentleness, of thoughtfulness. We represent Christ today, and if we fail to make little garden spots about us where we live and where we work, we are not fulfilling our mission, nor obeying the teaching that we should be in the world what he was in the world, repeating his life of love among men. It costs but a little to be a true blessing to others. Selfishness does no garden-making, plants no flowers anywhere. But if we truly love Christ we will have his love in our hearts. Then we shall live not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and living

thus we shall be a blessing wherever we go. Let this be our Easter ideal—to so live that beautiful flowers and fruitful vines shall spring up along the path wherever we go.

Duty Before Sorrow: In a great battle, the commanding officer, leading his men in an assault, came upon the body of his own son, lying on the field. His impulse was to stop and give way to his grief, but he dared not do it. His duty was with his command. The issue of the battle depended upon him. So, falling upon the beloved form, he pressed a hot kiss upon the dead lips, and then went on with his men, braver and stronger for his grief. We may never let life's tasks drop out of our hands for sorrow, not even for an hour. Our work must be finished before the end of the day, and we have not a moment to lose. When we come to render our account, grief will not excuse us for failure in duty, for duties omitted, for life's work unfinished. Easter day may freshen up the memory of our sorrows; but let it not cause us to hesitate in the path of duty.

Brightening Bleak Places: There is nothing greater we can do in this world than to put love into a life where love is lacking. A great novelist relates of one of his characters, a nobleman, that when he walked over his estates, he carried acorns in his pockets, and when he came to a spot which seemed bare he would plant one of them, so that the dreary place might be brightened. We are forever coming upon human lives which by reason of sorrow, failure or misfortune, are left bare and empty. If we carry always a heart full of love and cheer we may drop the living seeds into these sad and lonely places, thus changing desert spots into bits of lovely gardens. At this Easter season is a good time for us to recall how many dreary and desolate hearts there are and resolve afresh that we will drop everywhere the seeds of love.

The Flower in the Crater: Humboldt tells of being deeply touched and impressed by finding a beautiful flower on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius. In a little hollow in the lava, ashes and dust had settled, and when rain had fallen there was a cupful of rich soil ready. Then a bird or the wind had borne a seed and dropped it into this bit of garden on the crater's lip, and a sweet flower grew there. No wonder the great traveler was so moved by such a glimpse of beauty in such a place.

As we go through the world, we come now and then upon human lives which seem almost utterly dreary and desolate in their condition or in their circumstances. Sorrow or sin has stripped them bare. Yet there is scarcely one such life in which we may not, if we will, cause a flower to bloom. If only we will show thoughtful sympathy, or do some gentle kindness, we will plant a spray of beauty amid the dust and ashes. And the Easter season is a good season in which to resolve anew that we will be the seed-carriers of love and beauty.

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In addition to sending out coupons by mail, you should carry some in your pocket. Between now and January 1, 1904, you will meet at conferences, conventions, etc., more than a hundred preachers. Give each one a coupon, and then he will ask, or you may suggest, that you will send in his subscription. You can keep a record of votes secured in this way and know exactly the number secured.

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If one cannot go he will have little or no difficulty in disposing of his ticket, for its face value, \$300 to \$350, as over 100 passengers were refused for the last cruise.

WHAT DO THOSE RECEIVE WHO DO NOT GET A PASSAGE?

In the first place it is probable that six or more will go instead of three, and your opportunity to go will be doubled. But if you fail—

We have arranged that every person co-operating with us in this campaign who sends us ten or more subscriptions shall be compensated in one of three ways for every subscription sent:

1. By a 10% cash commission, or
2. By a 20% commission, if applied on the purchase of a passage ticket for this cruise, you to pay balance in cash. Or
3. By a 20% commission if applied to the purchase of any books published by F. M. Barton.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO GIVE FIVE OR MORE ADDITIONAL PASSAGES.

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Further, if the total number of new subscriptions received under this offer exceeds 5,000, we will, for each 1,000 additional new subscriptions give an additional passage. If 10,000 new subscriptions are received, we will furnish eight passages. Therefore the more work you do, the greater opportunity to go.

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1,000 additional we will divide between \$75 and \$125.

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We attach our estimate, because the first thought may be that it will take a 1,000 or more votes to secure a passage.

Total number of votes—

	Cash	Comm'n.
3 clubs receiving 3 passages...	300	
20 clubs of 40 each.....	800	\$120
30 clubs of 30 each.....	900	135
100 clubs of 20 each.....	2,000	300
100 clubs of 10 each	1,000	150
	5,000	\$705

WHY WE DO IT.

Current Anecdotes has been very successful, and we propose to show our appreciation by expending from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for these Palestine trips, in addition to paying cash commissions.

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You will make a friend of every one to whom you command, or whose attention you call to Current Anecdotes. It is now taken by one preacher to every 18 in the United States. Every week brings voluntary commendations that it is the most helpful and practical preacher's magazine published, many adding that they have recommended it to some preacher friend. We now propose to show our appreciation of these kind words and favors.

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You will not need sample copies, as practically every preacher in the United States has seen the magazine during the past year.

The coupons tell the whole story, so that if you don't wish to, you need not write a letter to the ones you send them to, but doing so will make the suggestion stronger.

The subscriptions must go to preachers. Current Anecdotes is prepared exclusively for preachers. Anyone else would not get the full benefit of the magazine.

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P. S. All the particulars that we know concerning the contest have been given. Do not write us asking about it, until you have read this carefully the second time.

All the particulars of the cruise will be mailed to contestants or described in Current Anecdotes, as soon as Thos. Cook and Son have arranged the details.

QUOTEABLE POETRY.

SELECTED BY H. K. HILBERRY.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed,
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "If in this bitter night
There be but one that seeks a sheltering
rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his faltering steps
aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the leura's flickering
light—
A star amid the tempest ridden night—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.
And one had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago
Lost, in the darker depths of a great town.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
Sad losses have yet met
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart is gone from me.

Alas! These pilgrims said,
For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks by land and sea,
But howsoever it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss.
—From "Life Indeed," by E. B. Coe.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
In the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.
—Saxe-Holm.

IMMORTALITY.

Can it be?

Matter immortal? And shall spirit die?
Above, the nobler, shall the less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than the grain, on which he
feeds?
—Young.

UNUSUAL.

WHO MADE THE WORLD?

A Massachusetts bishop, visiting one of the churches of his diocese, requested that the children of the Sunday School should be assembled to be catechized. The good bishop put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of the class: "Who made the world?" The little fellow with quivering voice, replied: "I didn't."

GOT 'EM YET.

Winston, a negro, was a preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted him one Sunday: Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. Now how can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did yo' ebber read in de Bible how de seben debbels were cast out ob Mary Magdalén?" "Oh, yes, I've heard of that." "Did yo' ebber hear ob dem being cast out ob any udder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well den, de udders got 'em yet."

A REAL SCOTCH "SAWBETH."

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, while traveling in the neighborhood of the Hebrides, heard several anecdotes illustrative of the fearful reverence with which Scotchmen in that region observe the Sabbath. Says he: "A minister of the kirk recently declared in public that at a country inn he wished the window raised, so that he might get some fresh air, but the landlady would not allow it, saying, 'Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sawbeth.'"

LIKE A SINNER.

A minister was riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbade innkeepers to take pay from the clergy who stayed with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman!" "That may be," responded the landlord, "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

"May I ask what the middle 'S.' in your name signifies, Miss Isabel?"

"Certainly, Mr. De Crashe. It stands for 'Shazzar,'"

"Shazzar?"

"Yes, I was named after an eminent woman mentioned in the Scriptures—Belle Shazzar."—*The American Weekly.*

While reading for family devotions the other morning we had turned to that passage "Warn them that are unruly," but she read it thus: "Warm them that are unruly." J. T.

NO USE OF CROSSING.

Somewhere in Dixie land, a member of the "po'h white trash" endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man. Booker T. Washington gives the conversation in *The Classmate*:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan' you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tolle you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' ez well off on dis side er de river as on de odder."

PARTING INJUNCTION.

Some years ago, when "going West" was more of an undertaking than at present, a young man was leaving home in Vermont for Illinois. The family were gathered to say farewell, and not without tears. The grandfather took the young man by the hand, and said: "Now, John, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and look out for rattlesnakes, and be careful that nobody steals your watch."

We WHEATLET

Children prove the deliciousness of Wheatlet by calling for a second dish, while other cereals go by untouched. Their rosy cheeks and robust bodies testify that

WHEATLET

is made from hard seed Spring wheat, fifty per cent. more nutritious than the many starchy unrelishable cereals made from white Winter wheat because of greater profit.

Your grocer's name and three two-cent stamps bring you full half pound sample of Wheatlet.

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"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat,"
707 Franklin Square, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

THE LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.—Augustus Nash.

A NEW VIEW OF ETERNAL LIFE.

John 2: 23; 3: 21.

1. What had interested Nicodemus in Jesus?
2. What was Jesus' attitude toward those who believed on him because of these miracles?
3. What position was Nicodemus willing to accede to Jesus?
4. Did Jesus reply to his words or to his religious needs?
5. What were the views of Nicodemus about membership in the kingdom of God? Matt. 3: 9; John 5: 39; Rom. 2: 13.
6. What conditions did Jesus insist upon as being absolutely essential?
7. Were these solemn asservations simply the opinions of a teacher though divinely commissioned?
8. How did Jesus try to help him in his perplexity?
9. How did the followers of Jesus interpret his views of the new birth? John 1: 18; 1 Peter 1: 22-25; 1 John 5: 1, 2; 3: 9.
10. What relation does the discourse that follows sustain to this conversation?
11. What evidence is there that being "born again" and "eternal life" are interchangeable terms?
12. Indicate other points of similarity between this discourse and conversation.
13. What relations must we sustain to Jesus in order to come into possession of this new life?

THE WAY TO LIVE.

Matt. 5: 1-12.

1. What reason is there for believing that the Beatitudes represent the best thought of Jesus on how men should live?
2. Why does he put these principles of life in the form of Beatitudes?
3. From his standpoint what is it that really makes men happy?
4. Which of these Beatitudes do you most covet for yourselves?
5. Is the possession of all of them essential to a true Christian character?
6. Does the order given here correspond with their usual development in the individual life?
7. Is being poor in spirit the beginning of a religious life or the fruit of religious experience?
8. What sort of mourning does Jesus refer to?
9. Is meekness a thing of the inner life or the outward conduct?
10. What is the difference between righteousness and purity of heart?
11. Can it be proven from actual life that this is the result of an intense desire for righteousness?
12. When shall the pure in heart see God?
13. Give a concrete example of what you would consider a merciful man.
14. Why and in what manner will such a man obtain mercy?
15. Does the work of a peacemaker have to do with men's relations to God as well as to their fellow men?
16. Does such a character invariably bring some sort of reproach or persecution?

HOW HE WORKED.

Mark 1: 21-45.

1. Why did Jesus select Capernaum as a center for his labors?
2. Was this an exceptional or typical Sabbath-day with Jesus?
3. Why did the teaching of Jesus cause such amazement among the people?
4. What startling interruption occurred in the midst of the synagogue service?
5. What was this man's condition according to the teaching of the evangelist?
6. What involuntary confession was forced from the demon by the presence of Jesus?
7. Why did Jesus gag the unclean spirit and repudiate his testimony?
8. What conclusions did the multitude draw from what they had seen?
9. What state of affairs did Jesus find in Peter's home?
10. What means did he use to relieve his mother-in-law?
11. Why is it added that she ministered unto them?
12. What effect did these stirring scenes have upon the city?
13. Why did the people wait until the sun went down before bringing their sick friends to Jesus?
14. What was there in the closing scenes of this Sabbath day that was significant of his mission?
15. What connection is there between the work of this Sabbath day and his devotions of the next morning?

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

Mark 2: 1-11.

1. What was Mark's object in recording the healing of this man?
2. Was there anything strange in such a company gathering at the home of Jesus after his return? Mark 1: 32-34.
3. How did it come that the Scribes and Pharisees were there? Luke 5: 17.
4. How was Jesus engaged when this startling interruption occurred?
5. Did these men bring their friend to Jesus for the healing of his body or the forgiveness of his sins?
6. Why did Jesus greet him with "Son thy sins are forgiven thee"?
7. What was the man, himself, thinking most about, his sins or his disease? John 5: 14; James 5: 14, 15.
8. Were his sins actually forgiven, or was this simply to provoke an argument with the Pharisees?
9. Where were the Pharisees at error in their reasoning?
10. Does Jesus hold them morally accountable for indulging in such thoughts?
11. How would they reason in their own minds when he proposed this test?
12. What evidence is there that the man, himself, had confidence that Jesus would forgive his sins?
13. Why, then, should Jesus look with favor upon the faith of his friends?
14. What was the effect of all this upon those who were present?

STORIES OF EASTER HYMNS—Continued from page 415.

"The Day of Resurrection" is a translation from the Greek made by John Mason Neale. The original of this beautiful Easter song belongs to the eighth century, and is generally supposed to be by St. John of Damascus. This hymn is sung every Easter Day at Athens, and in his book of translations Dr. Neale quotes the following account by a modern writer of one of those Easter ceremonies which he witnessed previous to making his translation:

"As midnight approached, the Archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the King and Queen, left the church, and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and the Easter Day had begun. Then the old Archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud exulting tone, 'Christos anesti, Christ is risen' and instantly every single individual of all the host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowds; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drum through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon announced far and near these 'glad tidings of great joy'; while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed—and so in truth it was—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath His feet, and henceforth the entomb'd have everlasting life.'

"He is gone—beyond the skies" is one of the few hymns by the late Dean Stanley which may be said to have come into common

use in this country. It first appeared in a popular magazine, signed with the Dean's initials, after which it was included in a large number of collections. A pretty story is told in connection with the writing of this hymn. While in conversation with the Dean a friend happened to remark that his children had complained that there was no hymn really suitable for Ascension Day. They were also very much concerned as to what the disciples thought when "a cloud received Him out of their sight." The Dean seems to have been struck by the childish remarks, and replied that he would write such a hymn. "He is gone—beyond the skies," was the result. This story is related in a volume of poems entitled *Christ in Song*, by Dr. Philip Schaff.

Of the immense number of hymns which Thomas Kelly wrote, the majority are of a joyful nature. He must have been a man possessed of a tremendous fund of good spirits and well able to look on the bright side of life, for though his career was anything but an untroubled one he seldom gave expression to feelings of melancholy, even in his writings. His hymns are characterized by unbounded faith, hope, joy and praise.

"Light's abode, celestial Salem," a hymn suitable for Easter or Ascension, though not specially written for either, is a translation from the Latin by John Mason Neale. It is by an unknown writer of the 15th century. The translation first appeared in Dr. Neale's *Hymns on the Joys and Glories of Paradise*, published a few months previous to his death in 1866. The little volume attracted attention by reason of the beauty of the translations, and many of the hymns contained in it soon began to make their appearance in a large number of collections. Perhaps the following extract, taken from the preface to the first edition of Dr. Neale's little volume, helped in a measure to popularize his Latin translation:

"I wish to add," he said,—"and this for the publisher as well as for myself—that any compiler of a future hymnal is perfectly welcome to make use of anything contained in this little book, only he will, perhaps, in that case, let us have a copy of his Hymnal when published. And I am very glad to have this opportunity of saying how strongly I feel that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom, the author retaining no private right in it whatever. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into that treasury of the church, into which the 'many that were rich'—Ambrose and Hildebert, and Adam and Bernard of Cluny, and S. Bernard—yes, and Santeüil and Coffin—'cast in much.' But having so cast it in, is not the claiming a vested interest in it something like 'keeping back part of the price of the land'?"

The melody, "Regent Square," to which "Light's abode, celestial Salem" is usually sung, was composed by Henry Smart soon after the appearance of the translation.

One of Mr. Kelly's most beautiful compositions is "The Head that once was crowned with thorns," evidently intended by the author for use at Ascension services. It was first published in a collection of his hymns in 1820, and subsequently in a great number of hymnals. This hymn has never had the advantage of having a very good tune written to it. That by Jeremiah Clark, to which it is usually sung, is a somewhat melancholy setting, not at all in keeping with the general character of the hymn. The words are certainly worthy the attention of our foremost composers.

"Alleluia sing to Jesus" is not infrequently sung as a Communion hymn, but I give it a place under this chapter in consequence of the following verse, which stamps it, in my opinion, as an Ascension hymn:

Alleluia! not as orphans
We are left in sorrow now;

Alleluia! He is near us,

Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise—

"I am with you evermore?"

This hymn was written by the late William Chatterton Dix about the same time that he composed "Come unto Me, ye weary." The joyful nature of the composition indicates, however, that the author was in good health when he wrote it, and not, as in the case of the latter hymn, just recovering from a serious illness. This hymn has been fortunate in being given in the majority of hymnals as the author wrote it. The melody to which it is generally applied was composed by Dr. S. S. Wesley. It is a spirited tune, and has added in no small degree to the beauty of the hymn.

Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell today is vanquished,
Heaven is won today!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All His works adore!

Rev. John Ellerton has given us this in his Hymns, 1888, in full. It was contributed first to the Supplementary Hymn and Tune Book of R. B. Borthwick, 1868. It is a vigorous translation, or perhaps better, paraphrase of the ancient Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo, written by Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, in the sixth century. Jerome of Prague sang this hymn on his way to the stake where he was burned to death. As the fires wrapped their awful folds about his body, he was heard to exclaim, "This soul in flames I offer, Lord, to Thee!" And so he finished his course and kept the faith.

GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethesemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

James Montgomery wrote this hymn in 1820; in 1825 it was published in the Christian

Psalmist. By the time he issued his Original Hymns, 1853, it had been much altered; it appears now with four stanzas, and has the title, "Christ our Example in Suffering." The three lessons, which the author seems to think may be better learned from an actual visit to Gethsemane, are these: how to pray, how to bear the cross, how to die. Local associations are very powerful in swaying human thought. All Christian travelers have commented upon the impressive force of the surroundings when they were within the enclosure upon the Mount of Olives, now by the voice of old tradition set apart as the site of the "oil-press" to which Jesus was wont to resort. It was moonlight at the full, on the Passover night when Jesus went there last; "dark Gethsemane" was lit somewhat by the shining overhead, and the white beams must have illumined the trees. There are eight venerable olives now standing inside the wall; the Eastern moon fills them with suggestion. No other hour in all one's earthly history will equal in impressiveness and interest that spent in the Garden of Gethsemane. Even the rehearsals of this part of Christ's life ought to render us more gentle and more spiritual. We enter into a deeper union with a personal Christ. What must it be, then, to aid the imagination on the spot itself with all the local associations of the scene? Years may pass on; but the tenderest question ever put to any heart thereafter will be, "Did I not see thee with Him in the garden?"

ACROSS KIDRON.

Jesus, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go,
Near to Kidron's brook it lay;
In this place He loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

This hymn by the Rev. Joseph Hart contained, in its original form, twenty-three stanzas of six lines each, and was published in his collection in 1759. It was entitled, "Gethsemane," and is a vivid picture of the mental and physical anguish through which our Lord passed in the garden, the night before His crucifixion. What the mind can do in its regnant power over the body has never been fully tested for record. The trouble is, the register breaks in the moment of measurement. We can hardly understand this curious effect of Jesus' distress upon him. The medical books, we are told, are not without authentic instances of strong mental emotions having bent and broken the physical frames of men. The cases are rare, but by no means unknown; and one historic illustration has never been denied. It is recorded that Charles the Ninth, of France, was, upon his deathbed, so overcome by pangs of remorse under the awful recollection of the Saint Bartholomew massacre he had ordered, that his blood was actually driven through the pores of his skin, and stained the linen on which he lay. So that we need not regard the small cavils of those who declare the record incredible, even if taken in the most literal way. Sweat of blood is not frequent, certainly; but it cannot be called impossible.

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

Simon Peter's Easter.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

"Go your way, tell His disciples and Peter." Mark 16: 7.

To understand how much these two words, "and Peter," meant to that bold and impulsive friend of Jesus, we must go back and recall the story of the few days which preceded their utterance by the angel. We must go back again into the garden of Gethsemane on the evening following the last supper which Christ had taken with His disciples. Peter and James and John, the little inner circle of intimates among His special friends, followed Christ into the garden where He was to suffer the premonitory agony of the great sacrifice which He was making for the world's salvation. While there, these three friends, whose hearts were full of sympathy for their Master, were deeply impressed. That something terrible was to come, was even at the door, they had no doubt, and yet, they felt helpless to fight it off, or thwart it from its mark.

After a while Christ came back to them, from a season of prayer, and told them that the hour had come when Satan was to work his will. They saw the flaring light of the torches of the guards, who came to arrest Jesus. Judas, with the thirty pieces of silver in his pocket, was leading them to the Master's place of prayer. In whispered sentences he explained to his guilty co-conspirators that they should know the Lord by the kiss which he would give Him, and finally when they reached Jesus and His disciples, Judas carried out that strange and heartless compact. Christ did not refuse the kiss, but with a look of infinite sorrow, exclaimed: "Judas! Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

We can imagine the contempt and indignation the true friends of Jesus must have felt at the treachery of Judas. We could hardly be astonished to see Peter leap on Judas with his sword. But it was not until an officious officer laid hands perhaps, on Christ, or treated Him rudely in some way, that Peter, in his excitement, drew his sword, and struck at his head, cutting off his ear. Jesus healed the wound, and told Peter to put up his sword, indicating that it was not by such weapons they were to win in the new kingdom. Rebuked, chagrined, humiliated, full of fear, an awful sorrow freezing his very heart, Peter followed in the darkness. At first they all went away; possibly John and James went home, but Peter could not do that, and followed along behind in the night, and after the guard had reached the High Priest's house with Jesus, Peter slipped into the courtyard, anxious to see what would happen. While he was there, grieved and sad, crouching down beside the fire which the soldiers had built to keep them warm, someone commented on his presence, and remarked that he, too, was accustomed to be among those who followed Jesus. Poor Peter, they had hit him in a bad time. He had tried to defend his Lord, and had made a bungling job of it. His best human instincts had failed him. He had a faint glimmer at best of the mission of Jesus.

He thought it was no business of this crowd to mix up in the matter. And suddenly he denied being one of the followers of Jesus.

I imagine that the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was ashamed of them, and felt like biting his tongue for saying them. But it is hard to back out of a lie when it is once told, and so a little later, when another came around and said, "I am sure that I saw that man only yesterday with Jesus," Peter denied it more bitterly than before.

Peter was mad now clear through. He had played the coward, he had been disloyal and mean toward his best friend. It was so unlike him to do a thing of this sort. He had always boasted that he never deserted a friend, and now the Lord hadn't been arrested a single day yet, and here he was right in his presence denying Him. What is going to become of it all? Peter thinks over the past years. He has seen a leper become whole again at a word from Christ. He has seen a touch of Jesus' fingers give sight to a blind man's eyes. Peter was with Jesus when he cast a legion of devils out of the man at Gadaara, and the wild maniac became sweet tempered and gentle, a fine fellow in every way. Peter was with Christ that day when they stood at the grave of Lazarus and called the dead man back to life. He had gone to the house of Lazarus afterwards, had talked with him, and sat with him at table, and now that Jesus should permit Himself to be turned over like a common criminal into the hands of these men who hate Him, Peter cannot understand it; his whole mind is full of confusion; his heart is sore, and he is not only ashamed and bitter because of circumstances but bitter in himself that he should go to pieces like this. And just now, while he feels that he has got all he can bear, a prying servant girl comes around, and she cried out, "There's one of His friends. I saw him with them. He has been the biggest leader of all the crowd that were with Him." Then Peter turned on her fiercely and cursed her with bitter oaths, and denied that he had followed the Lord, or that he knew Him. And as he uttered the falsehoods he glanced at Jesus. Jesus was looking straight at him. There was no indignation there, but oh, what love and sadness mingled! Broken hearted love. That look went straight to the heart of Peter, and while those eyes pierced him like a sword, he heard the cocks beginning to crow for the morning and he remembered then a conversation which he had had with Jesus, in which the Lord had said in answer to his protestations of fidelity, that Peter would deny Him thrice before the cock had crowed twice. The thought that he should have fallen into such sin and disloyalty after this warning broke down all his pride, and sent him forth into the darkness of the night weeping and sobbing. There is an old legend about Peter that though he lived to be an old man, that never from that dawn, until his last, could he sleep past the hour that witnessed his shame;

but rising from his bed, while the cock called through the valleys, he prayed forgiveness for his sin, and found it.

We can only imagine the experience of Simon Peter during these days and nights which followed the arrest of Jesus. The disciples did not dare come near to Christ. They must have hovered about during the trial, and were no doubt following at a distance when Simon the Cyrenian, and his two sons, Alexander and Rufus, helped Jesus bear the cross up to the rugged summit of Mount Golgotha. I can imagine Peter, as with agonized face, he looked on while the Master, half fainting, helped to bear the heavy timbers on which He was to be crucified. I can hear him saying, "Oh, that I might but die with Him!" But it is still dark to Peter. He cannot understand it all. One hour he has hope that out of all this blackness some ray of sunshine will come, and then again, the awful gloom of doubt and fear settles over him, and there seems nothing left but night and death. What hours they must have been for Peter when Jesus hung upon the cross! When the earthquake came and the multitude ran to and fro in excitement, I expect there was hope in Peter's heart. He thought that at last Jesus was to be vindicated, and his Lord was to come down from the cross in triumph. But when the terrible rocking of the earth had passed, and the sun had come out from its eclipse, and the day seemed again like any other, his heart sank. And at last, when he saw them taking down the body of Jesus from the cross, and carrying it away, his heart seemed dead in his breast.

I have no doubt that all the days that followed were like a dream to Peter for ever afterwards. He must have seemed strange to the rest of them. Peter was always such a common sense practical fellow, but now he was so different.

The last night before Easter, Peter and John stayed together. I don't think they slept much. Their ideas were not clear enough about the future for them to have any clearly defined faith. They were thinking about Jesus in the grave, in that tomb in the garden where Joseph and Nicodemus and the loving women had laid Him. But over and over again, Christ had said to them that He was to rise from the dead the third day. And though they could not see how it was going to be, yet it must have made a great impression upon them. What a talk they must have had that night! They had both been on the Mount of Transfiguration when Christ had permitted the inner glory to shine forth through His fleshly body until the glory of His presence had been so marvelous that Peter and James and John had fallen to the earth and hidden their faces before Him. And then Moses and Elias had appeared to talk with Jesus, and now, since they come to think of it, it was about his death that they came to talk. That fact had never impressed them so much before, and I hear John saying: "Peter, don't you remember how happy we were, with the Lord looking so glorious, and with Moses and Elias so full of grandeur, and yet so kind and gentle? And they talked about the de-

cease of Jesus at Jerusalem as though it were the very thing He was born for, and how that that was going to make a great many people happy. You were so delighted that you wanted to build three tabernacles, one for Jesus, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. Surely, Peter, there must be some bright thing coming out of this. I feel that something is going to happen in the morning. It will be the third day, you know, since He was crucified. Wouldn't it be glorious to see His face again?" But poor Peter! He dropped his face in his hands with a groan, and sobbed aloud, "Oh, if I had only been faithful to Him! If I had not denied Him! Oh, John, the broken hearted love in that look He gave me pierces my heart yet like a sword. I shall not dare to look in His face if I do see Him again, and yet it seems as if my heart will break if I do not see Him again!"

And thus they talked and waited, John trying to comfort the big, impulsive man he loved so well, until suddenly they heard a cry. It was a shrill womanly cry, "The Lord is risen!" They rush out, and the women who loved Jesus best tell them how they went early to the sepulchre and had found the stone rolled away, and an angel at the door, who told them not to be frightened. That Christ had risen, and would soon appear to them again, and that they must go and tell His disciples "and Peter." As Peter listens his face gets very white, but as he hears those last two words, "and Peter" I see the flush of life coming back into his cheek, and he shouts, "What's that you say? Did the angel say to tell me specially?"

"Yes, Peter," exclaims Mary, "He certainly said just that, that we must be specially careful to tell you."

Peter is weeping again, but how different from the tears he shed the other night. These are tears of infinite hope and joy. Not only does his Master live, but he feels that he is forgiven, and that his sin is blotted out of the heart of his Lord.

Dear friends, are there not some here who need to have an Easter like Simon Peter's? You have been Christ's disciple for a good while. You have been known as one of His friends. You have been a member of His church. You have gone to His communion, and yet, you have not been true to Him. In the clear light of this Easter time, you have felt a deep and solemn consciousness that you have not been loyal to your Divine Lord. The great joy which the Easter has brought to others has brought you no gladness, because you feel that the Lord knows you have denied Him. Oh, my friend, I pray that the Holy Spirit may help you tonight to see the look which Jesus casts on you. May those dear eyes look down into your very soul, showing you the grieved love which He feels at your lack of fidelity. My friend, the Lord is not angry with you. He loves you too much for that. But oh, the grief of infinite love, that He should have done so much for you, and that you should have been so untrue to Him. You never can know the glorious happiness of a true Easter until you repent of your sins, and bring Him your heart's love.

And others there are here, who are like many were on that first Easter day. Those who had not been friends of Christ, who had been living entirely indifferent to Him, but that day they believed on Him, and a few weeks later at Pentecost they publicly confessed Him, and three thousand joined His church under the preachings of this same Peter and his friends. There are some of you who have been attending Christmas services, and Easter services, ever since you were children, and though you are now mature men and women you have never come to give to Jesus

Christ the honor and the love which is due to Him. Oh, friend, the Easter Christ is all your hope. The grave is a blank wall with no other side, unless it be true that our Divine Lord has gone down into it from the side of earthly suffering, and come up out of it beyond in the land of eternal victory. Your only hope of immortality is in Jesus. Cease then, I pray you, your indifference. Shake off this deadly lethargy, and crown Him on this Easter night, Lord over all in your heart and life!

Thoughts from Companions of the Sorrowful Way,

BY IAN MACLAREN.

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THE WAY ITSELF.

No one can have any doubt where the Way ended, but he may two minds as to where the Way began. If life is to be judged rather by its general trend than by the acute experience of a few hours, then it should never be forgotten that all His days the Man of Sorrows was carrying His burden. If life, on the other hand, be estimated not by the running of a sand-glass, but by the beating of the heart, then surely our Lord endured more cruel agony on His last day than in all His years. There was the unseen Cross of divers afflictions, which rested on His life and weighed down His soul from the cradle to the Upper Room, and this was a sore discipline; and there was the visible cross of two rough beams which was laid upon His bleeding shoulders and weighed His body to the ground; and this was the symbol of an unspeakable tribulation. There were the clouds, which from early morning flecked the sky of our Master's life, and there was the black massy storm which at the last burst on His head. As the devout Christian chooses, he may join himself to the Lord in the Sorrowful Way at Gethsemane, or three and thirty years earlier at the manger of Bethlehem. And it may not be unprofitable for the disciple to remind himself that the Lord was walking in the Sorrowful Way before the Incarnation, as He suffered and sorrowed over backsliding Israel unto bitter crying and lamentations, and that He is still to be found therein, as He shares from day to day the temptations and griefs of His church.

People followed Him in crowds only to leave Him in displeasure. He called twelve disciples, who pained Him daily by their slowness of understanding. In one village He was able to heal a few sick; in the next He could do nothing because of the people's disbelief. When He made His appeal to the good folk they suspected and misunderstood Him. When the publicans and evil-livers came to Him it was a cause of offence. One of His chosen band was a traitor, and there was not one on whom He could rely. No servant of His ever fulfilled a harder ministry than the Master; from Capernaum to Jerusalem—lonely, rejected, disappointed, grieved—He walked in the Sorrowful Way.

He was betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, and forsaken by all. He was despised by His nation, cast out by His Church, condemned by His rulers, refused justice by the Roman; He was counted a deceiver of the people, a rebel against law, a blasphemer against God. He was arrested, bound, scourged; He was spat upon, mocked, crucified. Having endured huge pains of soul and body, it seemed as if God Himself had forsaken Him, and after this fashion He traveled the Sorrowful Way.

If it were given unto us to choose the way wherein we should walk, is there one of us would not prefer the way of doing to the way of suffering? What soldier would not rather charge on the most forlorn hope, with an almost certainty of dying in the breach, than stand on the deck of a sinking vessel till she made the last plunge, and the cold waters closed over his head? For he who charged had done something; putting heart into an army, showing the road to victory, giving his body for a bridge; but he who stood doing nothing, striking no blow, advancing no cause, leaving no memorial. What mother is there whose heart is not light as she watches over her children and toils for their welfare unto the hours of the night, but who would fret and worry were she laid aside and commanded to rest? Any servant of Christ would ten times rather face a hostile world even unto death in the declaration and defence of the Evangel, than be silenced and hear from afar the sound of the battle. Ah! the multitude of victims who have ceased to labor or to resist, who carry the cross in silence and patience along the Sorrowful Way with the Lord.

THREE INTIMATES OF JESUS.

They were chosen to be companions. Some came of their own accord into the Sorrowful Way, as that young man in the linen cloth, and Pilate's wife; some were dragged into this Way by the violent hands of men, such were Simon the Cyrenian and the penitent thief; some found themselves in the Way by the accident of circumstances—of them were the daughters of Jerusalem and the Roman centurion—but certain were summoned directly by the Lord to join Him at the very beginning of His Way, St. John and St. James, the two sons of Zebedee, and St. Peter.

Some are missionaries of the Lord, who bore the Cross in their hearts rather than in their hands, from St. Paul, who poured out life as a drink offering, and Xavier, who stretched out his hands to the East and prayed for more sufferings—unto that pure spirit Brainerd, who grasped for multitudes of souls among his loved Red Indians, and Livingstone, who in his patience and charity carried the light of the Divine Love into the dark places of the earth. Some are lovers of their fellow men, such as that heroic monk, who, by an impulse of sacrifice, brought to an end the gladiatorial conflicts, and St. Vincent de Paul, with his devotion to the slaves of the galleys; such as Howard, who reformed the prisons of Europe, and Elizabeth Fry, who carried the Evangel to the prisoners. Some are rather deliverers and reformers and patriots and martyrs, like John Huss and Hugh Latimer and Lord William Russell, and that modern knight-errant, General Gordon. They kept their vigil carefully, and drank Christ's cup without complaining, and filled up what remained of His sufferings for the salvation of the world.

THE OWNER OF GETHSEMANE.

Was there anyone among Jesus' private friends who was likely to have been present that night of his own part, because he knew Jesus would be in the Garden, and because he also knew every recess of the Garden? What about the owner of Gethsemane? We read in the Gospels that after Jesus had spoken with the people in the Temple, and they had gone every one to his own house, He left the hot, noisy, restless city and spent the night on the Mount of Olives. Jesus had various homes, beneath whose kindly roof He could rest, but He loved the open air, and so it came to pass that He had the use of two gardens. One was that in which He slept well after the battle had been fought, and the owner thereof was Joseph of Arimathea. The other was that which was an ever ready and welcome sanctuary for the Lord when He was worn out and sick at heart through the gainsaying and vain ambitions of men, and the owner thereof, was it not a certain young man?

There are friends who can respect one another's silence, and I see that gentle gardener going about his work in quietness while Jesus meditated and prayed apart; yet sometimes he would catch the look on Jesus' face, or a word falling from His lips, which was more to him than all his harvests. For any one to hear Jesus say Father in Gethsemane was worth a world's ransom. And to this man it may have been given to hear the mediatorial prayer St. John lost, and to preserve it for the Church. He doeth shrewd business who lendeth home or land to Christ, or best of all his heart, for it is the way of our Master to pay tribute not in silver or gold but in the spiritual treasures which last for ever. Fortunate is that man who possesses the very ground on which a battle for freedom was fought, who has in his library the Bible which is stained with a martyr's blood, or the manuscript of Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality; but whose good fortune is to be compared with his to whom

belonged Gethsemane, where the Lord endured His bitter Passion and gained unto Himself the victory?

Must we know him only as a certain young man? Is it impossible to call him by name, to discover him in other offices of friendship? Just over the summit of Olivet, and but a short distance from Gethsemane, was Bethany where Martha and Mary lived with their brother Lazarus. It was from their house Jesus went forth each morning in Passion Week till the last, to it He returned after the toil of the day. Was there no connection between the home of Bethany and the Garden of Gethsemane? Could Jesus have had two friends so devoted and so loving, living so near and so like one another as Mary's brother and this young man? Does not this faithful, retiring, mystical form, suggest the character of Lazarus?

THE BEARER OF THE CROSS.

Once, however, the Lord was in such sore straits that His body failed Him, and He was helpless. His mysterious agony in Gethsemane, His night-long trials, His cruel scourgings, His soul's sorrow had sapped for the time even His superb strength; and although He was willing to die upon the cross, it seemed likely that He would not be able to carry it to Calvary. Art, with her quick eye for a symbolic situation, has represented Him crushed into the ground beneath the burden of the cross. It was at this moment a man came to His aid. When the two single beams are lifted from the Lord's bleeding shoulders and laid on the sturdy Cyrenian, Simon was not Jesus' servant nor His comforter. This man was what none other ever had been or even would be in all the history of the Lord's Passion: he became for a brief space the substitute of Jesus.

From his vantage Simon could peer in and get sight of Jesus—could catch the weariness of His face, and hear His panting breath as He trembled beneath the cross. An irresistible curiosity seized him: he would see the end of this affair. Simon kept step with the soldiers, and from time to time he leant forward to look at Jesus. Did the contrast between the olive gardens, with their fretted sunlight, and the steaming, echoing streets, through which the Holiest was led in pain and shame, awaken this spectator's imagination? There, in his place outside, did he get a glimpse for an instant into the tears of things which lay so near to its joy on that spring day, when the fields were green and the birds were singing, and the Lord of them all was being tortured unto death?

Simon was forcibly taken into the heart of the tragedy. It was the merest accident, we should say, that he was selected; it might have been any other person in the crowd. They dare not lay hands on a great person to be Christ's cross-bearer, lest he should have them scourged for the insult. No priest in his high estate would condescend to touch the accursed tree with his finger-tips. For a Roman soldier it had been a loathsome degradation.

The guard looked round, and they saw Simon. His prominence and his bulk, perhaps an unconscious sympathy growing on his face, attracted their eye. Here was a fellow nature had intended to be a carrier of loads, a common man who could make no complaint, a simpleton who had pity on an outcast. So it came to pass that, without more ado, and before Simon knew what had happened, he was dragged out from among the people, and the cross was on his shoulders, and he was walking beside Jesus to Calvary. Oh, good fortune of the Cyrenian to have a stout body and to be born a countryman and to carry a kindly heart, for it has won him an honor denied to kings and conquerors.

What Jesus said to His substitute in the passage to Calvary, Simon never told, and if he had, then ought the cross to have been laid once more on him, with no Jesus by his side. That Jesus spoke to him as He did to few in all His ministry there can be no doubt, since no one could render Jesus the least service without being instantly repaid, and this man succored Him in His dire extremity. When a single woman repaired the neglect of Simon the Pharisee, the Lord must needs send her into peace. If a Samaritan drew Him water from the well in the heat of the day, He gave her to drink of the water of life. Let Mary of Bethany anticipate the crown of thorns with her spikenard, and the Master ordered that this deed be told wherever the Gospel went. Does someone pluck out the thorns, and bind a napkin tenderly round the wounded head? Behold the Lord cannot leave the tomb without folding up that napkin and laying it in a place by itself, in token of His gratitude. With what kindness He must have spoken to His cross-bearer as they went together to Calvary under one cross and common disgrace! For a short while this man carried the load of wood, and in return Jesus carried his sin and that of his children after him; for by the time this Gospel was given unto the world Simon is known as the head of a distinguished Christian house, a man honored in his sons, the father of Alexander and Rufus.

Life of the world! I hail Thee;
Hail, Jesus, Saviour dear!
I to Thy cross could yield me,
Might I to Thee be near.
Thyself, in all Thy fullness,
My Lord, to me impart:
To Thee I come as with me,
Yea, find Thee in my heart.

This hymn was composed by St. Bernard of Clairvaux; of whom it has well been said by his biographer: "They canonized him in 1174—but it is better to have written a song for all saints than to be found in any breviary." He left behind him at his death a long poem in the Latin language, "Salve Mundi salutare;" to this he gave the title: "A rhythmical prayer to any one (whatever one you please) of the members of Christ, suffering and hanging on the cross." Parts of this in order were addressed to his feet, his knees, his hands, his side, his breast, his heart, his face."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Resurrection of Christ: To say that the resurrection of Jesus is a mystery, is to say but little. You are a mystery; the tiniest thing you touch, the commonest thing you see, is a mystery; every leaf holds a secret, and every grain of sand; first know these secrets—know the secret of the tint that fringes a daisy; know the secret of crystallization that shoots in the snowflake; know the secret whence the gorse gets its bloom, and how the rose distils fragrance; then from lower things rise to higher, until you rise high enough to know the secret of Christ's Resurrection.—Chas. Standford, D. D.

Easter Triumph: "There is an old legend that clings about Niagara. They tell us that in the olden time among the Indians, it was the custom to offer a sacrifice yearly to the great spirit of the mighty falls. They thought they caught glimpses of the great spirit in the mist that rises, and in the marvelous lunar rainbow that is seen when the moon shines, to hover over the edge of the falls. The sacrifice sought was the most gentle and beautiful girl of the tribe. She was chosen by lot. One year the lot fell on the only daughter of a chief whose wife was dead. He showed no sign of surprise or sorrow, but inwardly his grief was intense. Life without his only child was empty. Moreover, she would be so alarmed and horrified at the fate that awaited her. The yells and shouts of the men might drown her cries and tears. The flowers that decked her canoe-coffin were bright, but the dizzy depth of the terrible cascade were appalling. Her father, where is he? What, not one last look, ere she pushed out into the foaming rapids! She has not a paddle to help even to steer her canoe, and to clear her of the sharp projecting rocks. But her father soon comes near. Just from beneath some branches of a huge tree a canoe shoots out. Her father is in it. He smiles, and with terms of endearment, cheers the affrighted little soul. He gets quite close to her, and, holding her hand, sweeps onward himself to death with her. Love triumphs. Love upheld. Love joined hands, and yet his great love could not save her from the disaster. He could only die with her. But Jesus Christ is infinitely more than that to the Christian. True, he cannot save us, one by one, in our lot, from going over the cataract of Death, but he can not only go with us, but carry us safely through the seething waters beyond the cataract and the mist, and the whirlpool that makes men fear, and bring us safely into the heaven beyond. Christ has himself gone down to death, and come up again in triumph, and he has promised that when our time shall come, he will come to receive us unto himself, and shall introduce us into our heavenly home. Is not the man or the woman who has entered into that faith and fellowship of Jesus Christ rich? Yes, indeed, and the man who lives in a palace, and rules a kingdom, and yet has not that faith, is poor in contrast to the humblest workingman who has it."

✓ Present-day Problems.

✓ GEORGE ADAM SMITH AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

Note.—During Mr. Torrey's very successful Australian revival he conducted a Question Box.

Amongst the questions sent in to the Ministerial Question-Box one day was one which read:—“You said the other day that no godly man supported the Higher Criticism. What about George Adam Smith?”

“Brethren, I do not like to answer personal questions,” replied Dr. Torrey, “but, since this has been asked, let me say right here that I met Professor George Adam Smith personally, and had a personal talk with him on this very question. Professor Smith was in Northfield, and, by invitation, I met him at Mr. Moody's house.

“Professor Smith,” I said, ‘you teach that the 110th Psalm is not Messianic, and that it was not written by David; that it refers to a brother of Jonathan Maccabeus, and is not by David at all, but by some unknown man of that period. If that be true, one of two things must also be true—it is certain, either that Jesus Christ knew it was not by David, and did not refer to Himself, in which case, in building an argument for His Divinity upon it, He deliberately pulled the wool over the eyes of those to whom He spoke, or else He did not know it, in which case He built an argument for His Divinity upon a mistake. In either case, what are you going to do with the Divinity of Christ?’

“I do not build my faith in His Divinity on the 110th Psalm,” he replied.

“Neither do I,” I said, ‘but, having found out that He is Divine, I must maintain that He knows what He is talking about when He built an argument for His Divinity on this 110th Psalm.’

“Professor Smith undermined faith in the historicity of the story of Abraham and other Old Testament stories, and yet, gentlemen, he went into the pulpit on the Sunday morning before the conversation I referred to at Northfield Church, and preached on Gideon without breathing a suspicion that it was not history. You, gentlemen, may call that ‘Reverent Higher Criticism;’ I call it dishonesty. I do not care whether it is George Adam Smith, or who it is—it is dishonesty.

“Now, the men of that school maintain that the Bible is full of false statements, and yet it is the ‘Word of God.’ Wellhausen is reported to have said, ‘I knew the Old Testament was a fraud, but I never dreamt, as these Scotch fellows do, of making God a party to the fraud.’ Wellhausen is an acknowledged infidel. The three great leaders of the Higher Criticism were infidels, and I don't care to get my knowledge of theology from such a source. Brethren, in the first place there is nothing new in their alleged discoveries. In spite of all their talk about the ‘new views,’ there is scarcely anything in their theories that is not contained in Tom Paine's scurrilous *Age of Reason*.’

“Professor Osgood, who is a Hebrew scholar, indeed stood on the floor of the Baptist Congress at Detroit, Michigan, to speak

on the Higher Criticism. ‘Before discussing the question,’ he said, ‘I would like to read what I conceive to be the few positions that are taken up by the Higher destructive critics.’

“He went to work, and read off these positions, one after the other. ‘Now, gentlemen,’ he said to the supporters of the Higher Criticism, ‘is that a fair statement of the position?’ ‘Yes,’ they said. ‘Well, gentlemen,’ he replied, ‘I have been reading verbatim from Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*.’” (Loud laughter.)

“Gentlemen, if you are dabbling in that sort of thing, you do not know what you are doing. I used to be a Higher Critic myself once. When Robertson Smith's book came out, I welcomed it; in fact, I wrote a little book on the subject myself. I thank God that I did not publish it; I had not thought the thing through. Years ago, a dear brother spoke to me on the subject in our lecture-room. He was a splendid man, though not an expert in Biblical study. He is now connected with one of our theological seminaries. He said to me, ‘Mr. Torrey, I do not know about these things. Men tell me that it is a purely literary question, and doesn't affect the authority of the Bible.’ I said to him, ‘Don't you let them stuff that nonsense down your throat; they are pulling the wool over your eyes. The next thing, they will be applying these very principles—which are now confined to the Old Testament—to the New Testament criticism—to the Gospels, and the life of Christ.’ He could hardly believe that. But, gentlemen, what do we find in the last copy of the *'Encyclopedia Biblica'*? We find that very thing which we predicted ten years ago.

“Brethren, I thank God for the *'Encyclopedia Biblica'*, especially for the last volume, because it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole Higher Criticism. The *'Encyclopedia Biblica'* and the Polychrome Bible are a beautiful demonstration of the utter nonsense of the whole Higher Criticism business, and the folly of its methods.

“Just let me say a few words about the origin of the Higher Criticism. The whole thing began with Jean Astruc. He was an immoral Jesuit, and he was the father of the Higher Criticism—the devil was its grandfather. (Laughter.) Now, I am not talking of something I know nothing about. (Applause.) The literary principles of the Higher Criticism are principles of literary criticism that have been spewed out of every other branch of literary and historical study. The methods by which the Higher Critics are trying to disprove the historicity of the Book of Daniel, and other parts of the Old Testament, if applied to the history of England, would disprove every fact in English history! They are the same methods that were applied at one time to Greek and Roman history. You know there were those who applied these methods to Greek and Roman history, and, by means of their theories, swept away much of the history of Julius Caesar, Pompey, Troy—in fact, almost everything, so that there was nothing left. But these methods have been given up, except in

Biblical criticism. They have been reduced to a *reductio ad absurdum* in every branch of historical study, and now these Higher Critics are applying them to the Bible.

"One of the most awful things about theologians is that they adopt principles that students of every other branch of study in the world have tried and discarded. It is a hard thing to say, but it is a fact. By the same process Professor Fiske proved to a demonstration—provided you granted his premises—that there never was such a place as Troy, and shortly after Schliemann went and uncovered it. (Laughter.) And just after it had been proved that Daniel could not be an historical character—because there was no such person known as Belshazzar—Rawlinson went and dug up a tablet bearing his very name—Belshazzur. Sayce used to be a Higher Critic, but the undeniable discoveries of archaeological science led him to abandon his earlier positions.

"Brethren, the Higher Criticism is an attempt to construct history—not from the records, but from your inner consciousness. Why, since I came to Sydney I have read a pamphlet by a man who had the audacity to tell his readers that the Old Testament canon depended upon the decision of the Jewish Council, and upon the vote of Rabbi Akiba, the man who supported Bar Kokhba. He gave as his authority the Talmud. Now, any man who quotes a passage from the Talmud in a careless way, without telling his hearers what a mixture of fragments of truth with a mass of foolish legend the Talmud is, is either deliberately taking advantage of the ignorance of his hearers, or, what is more likely, someone has been taking advantage of his ignorance. Brethren, the Talmud is the most marvellous mixture of truth with the most absolute nonsense ever written, and these men deliberately take one of the fables from the Talmud to show how the canon was settled. Friends, the authority of the Old Testament does not depend upon the Talmud—it depends upon the testimony of Jesus Christ, and no man who will put the Talmud up against the authority of Jesus Christ has any right to call himself a Christian." (Applause.)

PULPIT CHANGES.

BAPTIST.

Abbott, Harry C., Pittsfield, Ill., resigned.
 Allard, E. C., Eastport to Frostburg, Md.
 Baker, R. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mariners' Harbor, S. I.
 Barbour, Herman H., Columbus, O., resigned.
 Barnes, Edw. N. C., Paterson, N. J., resigned.
 Bennett, J. F., LeMars, Ill., resigned.
 Braker, Jas. S., Waltham, Lynn, Mass.
 Bryant, J. F., Ida Grove to Dell Rapids, Ia.
 Cummings, S. J., Bloomsburg to Mansfield, Pa.
 Daniels, Geo. M., La Grange to Batavia, Ill.
 Davis, E. H., Fall River, Mass., resigned.
 Doolan, Leonard W., Madison, Ind., resigned.
 Edwards, Jas. R., Flatbush, N. Y., resigned.
 Geistweitz, W. H., called from Chicago, Ill., to Toronto, Can.
 Holmes, A. A., Corwith, Ia., resigned.
 Honigh, J. C., Tuscola, Ill., resigned.
 Hubbard, Giles H., Auburn, N. Y., resigned.
 Hughes, J. J., Fredonia to Burron, Kan.
 Hunter, Wm., Port Jefferson, L. I., to New York City.

Jones, A. C., Covington, Pa., resigned.
 Kinzie, W. A., Bristol, Vt., resigned.
 Lewis, T. G., Nashville to Charlotte, Mich.
 Lillett, E. F., Washington to Carroll, Ia.
 Mareness, Burton H., Newburg, N. Y., died.
 Morrill, G. L., Minneapolis, Minn., resigned.
 Munger, W. L., Jackson to Detroit, Mich.
 Poland, H. C., Kansas City, Mo., resigned.
 Rossell, W. Quay, Homestead, Pa., resigned.
 Russell, O. S., Jefferson City, Mo., resigned.
 Secombe, C. H., Ames to Waterloo, Ia.
 Tamme, Rev., Clinton to Bay City, Mich.
 Tilley, B. F., Loudonville to Mt. Gilead, O.
 Waldo, William, Chicago, Ill., to Hamilton, O.
 Warren, Harry M., Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned.
 Wiley, R., Greenville, Ill., resigned.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Bacheler, Francis B., Hockanum, Conn., resigned.
 Cooper, James Wesley, New Britain, Conn., resigned.
 Dana, Samuel H., Quincy, Ill., to Exeter, N. H.
 Hadden, R. A., Ironton, O., to Dallas, Tex.
 Hatch, Geo. B., Berkeley Cal., resigned.
 Henderson, A. S., Salem to Shenandoah, Ia.
 Herr, H. D., Muscatine to Ames, Ia.
 Hitchcock, Charles E., Benson, Vt., resigned.
 Jones, J. Owen, Wallingford, Conn., resigned.
 Marsland, John, Franklin, N. Y., to Bernardston, Mass.
 Mylne, G. W., La Porte, Ind., to Pinckney, Mich.
 Stauffer, Henry, Cuyahoga Falls, O., to Milwaukee, Wis.
 Stephens, F. A., Vernon and Perry, Mich., to Jacksonville, Fla.
 Stryker, Garrett V., White Oaks to Mill River, Mass.
 Thompson, H. W., De Pere, Wis., to Washington State.
 Wagner, John, Popejoy, Ia., to Chicago, Ill.
 Yale, David L., Bath, Me., resigned.

DISCIPLE.

Harkins, M. W., Anderson, Ind., resigned.
 Jones, C. J., D. D., New Bedford, Mass., resigned.
 McAllister, James, Covington, Ky., to New Bedford, Mass.
 Peters, Rev., Springfield, O., resigned.
 Schifer, C. W., Ingleside, N. Y., resigned.
 Sheetz, A. F., Anits, Ia., resigned.
 Souris, L. H., Charles City, Va., resigned.
 Thomas, W. O., Waukegan, Ill., to Kansas City, Kan.
 Wilson, Arthur, Bloomington, Ill., died.
 Wingate, E., Montezuma, Ia., to Marion, Ia.

METHODIST.

Beckman, C. O., Park Rapids, Minn., to Gardiner, Ore.
 Callen, H. M., D. D., Eaton Rapids, resigned to become presiding elder.
 Crissman, Dr. B. F., Kansas City, Mo., resigned.
 Fotherly, Wm. E., Hollis, L. I., to Newfield, Conn.
 Goodman, O. A., Bangor, Me., died.
 Holls, Chas. A., Middletown, N. Y., resigned.
 Ingham, A. V., Monroe, Wis., resigned.
 Master, Levil D. D., presiding elder, Big Rapids, Mich., died.
 Murray, Rev. Dr., Brodhead, Wis., resigned.
 Reader, George, North Waldboro, Me., resigned.
 Richards, Chas. H., Campbell, S. B., St. Joseph, Mo., resigned.

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Sheldon, Warren F., Pleasant Valley, Conn., resigned.
Thomas, Benj. E., Crooksville, O., died.
Wheeler, C. F., Minot, N. Dakota, resigned.
Wilson, E. E., Oakland, Mo., to Porto Rico.
Wright, Julius E., Mt. Sterling, Ky., resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Allen, E. N., Kansas City, Mo., to Portland, Ore.
Alt, S. A., Manhattan, Kan., to Oakland, Kan.
Baldwin, Wm., Peoria, Ill., to Atlantic City, N. J.
Beattie, R. B., Altoona, Pa., resigned.
Becker, D., Julian, White Lake, S. Dakota, to Grand Marais, Mich.
Bishop, Wm. F., Carthage, Mo., to Greenfield, Mo.
Boyd, Jos. N., Boyle Hts., Col., resigned.
Bridges, W. J., West Bridgeton, N. J., resigned.
Brown, Henry S., asst. at Tabernacle, Philadelphia, resigned.

Burdick, N. H., Rolfe, Ia., resigned.
Chapin, John E., Neenah, Wis., resigned.
Colclough, J. H., Tioga, Pa., to Unadilla, N. Y.
Combrink, Charles E., Pierceton, Ind., resigned.
Connell, W. G., Pipestone, Minn., to Grant's Pass, Ore.
Cooper, J. H. W., Lansing, Ia., to Bellaire, O.
Corley, C. P., Virginia, Ill., to Ridge Farm, Ill.
Davis, Titus E., Bound Brook, N. J., resigned.
Day, W. H., Cambridge City to Vincennes, Ind., R. F. D., No. 3.

DeBoel, F. P., Madison to LeRoy, Kan.
De Spelder, J. A., Holloway, Mich., resigned.
Draper, Allen D., Syracuse, N. Y., resigned.
Emerick, I. P., Conklin, N. Y., resigned.
Fismer, Arnold W., Brooklyn, N. Y., resigned.
France, Joseph H., Johnston, N. Y., resigned.
Frank, M. H., Topeka, Kan., resigned.
Gelvin, E. H., Gallipolis, O., resigned.
Gerdine, John G., Athens, Ga., died.
Gould, C. C., Hartford to Mason City, W. Va.
Hathfield, J. H., Pontiac, Ill., to Tarkio, Mo.
Huffer, Chas. E., Tipton, Ind., to Paw Paw, Mich.
Hunter, C. A., Osborn and Bath, O., resigned.
Hyden, G. D., O'Neil, Neb., to Chester, Ia.
Isley, W. H., Leon, Ia., resigned.
Inglis, James Gale., Petoskey to Bay City, Mich.
Jackson, Geo. E., Dayton to Marietta, O.
Killough, Mathew S., Oxbow, N. Y., to Massena, N. Y.
Lawrence, Charles L., Irvington, N. J., resigned.
Lee, Geo. H., Cincinnati, O., resigned.
Lester, Wm. H., D. D., West Alexander, Pa., resigned.

Lippincott, R. P., Charleston, Ill., to Donora, Pa.
Lucas, C. L., Indianapolis, Ind., to Chicago, Ill.
McClelland, Thomas J., Lime Spring, Ia., resigned.
McCormick, J., Hartford, Conneaut Lake to East McKeesport, Pa.
McCullagh, W. S., Lime Springs, Ia., resigned.
McKee, J. A., Alma to East Jordan, Mich.
McKinney, Wm. T., Erie, Mich., to DeGraff, O.
Manson, A. C., Duluth, Minn., resigned.
Marshall, A. B., Des Moines, Ia., to Minneapolis, Minn.
Matthews, Rev., Wapello, Ia., resigned.
Miller, Charles H., Schuyler, Neb., resigned.
Millison, A. N., Bridgeton, N. J., resigned.
Moore, W. G., Greenfield, Mo., resigned.
Neale, Rev. Dr., Warrensburg, Mo., resigned.
Needham, J. O., Canton, Mo., to Bentonville, Ark.
Nugent, E. J., Mammoth Springs, Ark., to St. Joseph, Mo.
Percival, H. A., Chicago, resigned.
Price, W. E., Lebanon, Ind., resigned.
Rankin, N. A., Olivet to Waverly, Kan.
Reber, W. F., Reynoldsburg, Pa., resigned.
Rice, Edwin J., Clayton, Ill., resigned.
Richmond, Ind., resigned.

Robb, James W., Fulton, Kan., to LeMars, Ia.
Rosenau, J. W., Chancellor to Lennox, S. Dakota.
Ross, D. M., Chicago, Ill., to Zanesville, O.
Scott, Wm. R., Halstead, Kan., resigned.
Scott, M. K., New Paris, Ind., to Riley and Manville, O.
Shane, L. H., Beloit, Kan., to Joplin, Mo.
Simmons, W. H., Mt. Pleasant, Mich., resigned.
Snyder, Gerret., Taylorville, Ill., to Pittsburg, Kan.
Stewart, G. D. B., Fowler, Cal., resigned.
Tait, W. W., Peoria, Ill., to Darlington, Ind.
Tewell, Joseph R., Saginaw, Mich., died.
Toms, R. N., Charter Oak, Ia., resigned.

Waygood, Walter H., Schnectady, N. Y., to Glen-side, Philadelphia, Pa.
Welty, J. B., Joplin, Mo., resigned.
Wilson, C. D., Franklin, O., resigned.
Wright, Alfred J., Oceanside, N. Y., resigned.
Young, John, Hamilton, Ont., Can., resigned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Alspach, C. L., Akron, O., resigned, Ref. Ch.
Bradner, E. J., Oshtemo, Mich., to Nevada.
Cooper, James Wesley., Hartford, Conn., resigned.
Corley, C. P., Virginia, Ill., to Ridge Farm, Ill.
Cilley, Rev., Manton, Mich., resigned, F. B.
Evans, Wm., Chicago, Ill., resigned.

Fortuin, Rev., Middleburg, Ia., resigned, Ref. Gaertner, Rev., Burlington, Ia., resigned, Rev. Evan.
Henderson, John A., Erie to Allegheny, Pa., U. P.
Kyle, Samuel J., Johnstown, Pa., to Biggsville, Ill., U. P.

Lee, F. S., Variek, N. Y., resigned, Wesleyan Meth. McCormick, J. Hartfort, Conneaut Lake to McKeesport, Pa., U. P.
Mason, Thomas J., Chicago, Ill., to Ashtabula, O., Ref. Epis.
Moody, Swante, Brockton, Mass., resigned, Swedish M. E.
Simons, Rev., Rice Creek to Marshall, Mich.
Sowles, L. L., Adrian, Mich., resigned, F. B.
Thorvildson, T. K., Eau Claire, Wis., to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Torrence, J. S., Laurel, Mont., resigned.
Wood, C. P., Farmington, N. Y., resigned, Friends Zimmerman, J. W., Longmont to Niwot, Col., U. B.

Where Are They?

Anyone knowing the present address of any of the following preachers, will please send it to F. M. BARTON, 619 ROSE BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. Former address is given.
Rev. Harry O. Hofstad, pastor M. E. Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.

Rev. W. H. Carter, D. D., Carmi, Ill.
Rev. C. F. Stilwell, Harrisonville, Mo.
Rev. Thomas Miller, Yorkville, S. C.
Rev. J. P. Robinson, Greenwood, S. C.
Rev. F. E. Depew, Burtville, Potter Co., Pa.
Rev. J. A. Watson, box 410, Hastings, Mich.
Rev. E. Iverson, pastor Congregational Church, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Rev. Will J. Douglas, Romeyn, Neb.
Educational Directory Co., 2619 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. P. Painter, Joe, N. C.
Rev. E. M. Johnson, East Concord, N. Y.
W. T. Rouse, Lewisville, Ky.
C. C. Rarick, Akron, O.

Rev. W. G. Baker, West Point, Miss.
Rev. Canon Dixon, 132 Fulford St., Montreal, Can.
Rev. W. P. Grant, pastor M. E. Church, Ferndale, Col.

Rev. R. Leland Brown, Pittsburgh, Ill.
Rev. R. H. Keith, Macon, Mo.
Rev. M. V. Learnce, Corydon, Ky.
Rev. J. W. King, 109 Main St., Akron, O.
Rev. G. C. McPheeers, Aberdeene, O.
Howard Osborne, Portland, Ore.
F. C. O'Meara, 1238 Beaubien St., Detroit, Mich.
Rev. E. E. Wood, Richland, Mich.
A. W. Talbert, Coffeyville, Kan.

H. S. Stevens, Dallas, Texas.
Anna Scott, 225 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rev. L. Thomas Rebbe, Crumpton, Md.
F. N. Gass, Centralia, Ill.
S. Montgomery, pastor 1st Baptist Church, Marquez, Texas.

Henry H. Busby, Forest City House, City.
Audley J. Heather, 531 River View Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

Rev. J. E. Russell, Cadiz, O.
Rev. J. Monroe McDonald, Terry, Lawrence Co., S. Dakota.
Rev. H. H. Branch, Carbondale, Pa.
Rev. Elanathan Braddock, New York Hall, Louisville, Ky.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.
APRIL

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April 12, 1 Cor. 15: 20-21; 50-58 | **April 26**, Acts 21: 3-12
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**ILLUSTRATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS—
APRIL. (Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Etc.)**

Numbers refer to illustrations, not page numbers.
April 5, Luke 10: 30-37 | **April 19**, Matt. 12: 1-13
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April 12, John 11: 21-27, 40-44 | **April 26**, Arctic Missions
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30-348, 360, 369.